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The Pope and the French Government.

Who's to blame?

THE Pope has done it all! He and he alone has forced upon the Church in France a crisis the gravity of which cannot be exaggerated nor its issue foreseen. Had he but left his French subjects to manage their own affairs in their own way, all would have been peace and quiet. Bishops, priests, and laity would joyously have welcomed the means generously offered by the Government as an escape from an intolerable situation; they would have secured the continuance of Divine worship in the churches, by fulfilling the conditions of the common law as to public meetings, giving notice to the civil authorities that assemblies for purposes of worship would be held within these buildings; and—to make things easier for them—it was actually provided that one notice of the kind should cover a whole year. What could be simpler or more equitable? Had Catholics but been allowed to avail themselves of this benevolent arrangement, the Separation Law would have made little or no practical change, and the people would have continued to enjoy the consolations of religion as of old. If they are now left destitute, the blame must rest wholly with the Vatican, which, for some sinister purpose of its own, stepped in at the last moment to forbid the policy of conciliation which the French Government and the French Catholics alike desired.

Such is the account of the matter which our newspapers, with scarce an exception, provide for the information of the British public. How does it compare with the facts of the case?

In December, 1905, was passed the Separation Law, abolishing the *Concordat,* which for more than a century—since the Consulate of Napoleon—had regulated the relations of Church and State in France. Under its provisions, a number of buildings, with other property, were assigned to ecclesiastical

purposes — cathedrals, parish churches, episcopal residences, presbyteries, seminaries. These were, however, in no sense a gift to the Church. They were, on the contrary, a very scanty and inadequate compensation for the endowments bequeathed by the piety of earlier generations for ecclesiastical purposes. These had been violently confiscated in the Great Revolution, and, by the *Concordat,* the Church consented to forego all claims to their recovery, receiving in consideration of this renunciation such a pittance as would enable her to carry on her work.

By the recent Separation Law, all such property devolves absolutely on the nation—the State, the Department, or the Commune, according to circumstances. The *Concordat* was a bilateral compact, but in its revocation one of the contracting parties was wholly ignored, the State arranging all the conditions, and the Church having no voice whatever in the matter.

The new law declares that buildings erected for religious purposes must not be put to any other, and that those intended for Catholic worship must be used for Catholic worship alone. The conditions, however, under which they may be so employed, depend wholly upon the Government of the State, which has plenary authority to regulate all such matters.

The politicians who constitute the Government now in power, make no secret of their hostility, not only to Catholicism, but to Christianity itself, and religion in every form, which they avowedly desire to abolish. M. Briand, the Minister of Worship, has openly declared that "we must get rid of the idea of Christianity"—*Il faute en finir avec l'idée Chrétienne.* M. Viviani, the Minister of Labour, claims it as the great merit of his party, to have propagated the spirit of irreligion, to have taught the poor and afflicted that there is no life beyond the grave, and to have extinguished all hope of Heaven.[1]

Such are the men who are entrusted with the framing of conditions under which religion may continue to be publicly

[1] "Tous ensemble, par nos pères, par nos ainés, par nous mêmes, nous nous sommes attachés dans le passé à une œuvre d'anticléricalisme, à une œuvre d'irréligion. Nous avons arraché les consciences humaines à la croyance, Lorsqu'un misérable, fatigué du poids du jour, ployait les genoux, nous l'avons relevé, nous lui avons dit que dernière les nuages il n'y avait rien que des chimères. Ensemble et d'un geste magnifique nous avons éteint dans le ciel les lumières qu'on ne rallumera plus." By order of the Chamber this speech of M. Viviani was placarded all over France, a distinction reserved for utterances in Parliament which are considered deserving of exceptional honour.

practised, and who, we are assured, have done all in their power to make its practice easy.

Their first proposal was that *Associations Cultuelles* should be formed,—local lay committees, which should take over all ecclesiastical property within their several districts,—cathedrals, churches, residences, seminaries, and arrange for the use to be made of them. They were not, like English churchwardens, to be responsible only for the material fabrics, but for the worship there carried on, and all questions arising must be settled between the Government and these its tenants, who alone had any rights which it would recognize. Should a doubt arise as to whether the service performed in any church were really a Catholic service, or the doctrine taught, Catholic doctrine, the decision would rest, not with the Bishop of the diocese, but with a Council of State nominated by the Ministry in Paris.

As has been pointed out by M. Flourens, an ex-Minister and no Catholic, this would be to impose upon the Catholic Church the Presbyterian form of Church-government, and would totally destroy her character. The Pope had no alternative in the performance of his plain duty but to prohibit the formation of such Associations, and in so doing he had the unanimous support of the French Episcopate.[1]

The system of *Associations Cultuelles* having thus broken down, another proposal was put forth by the Government. Under the provisions of a law passed in 1881, public meetings may be held provided that due notice be given to the local civil authorities. The meetings contemplated by the law are political, but by a circular issued on December the 1st, M. Briand, Minister of Public Worship, proposed to extend its provisions to meetings for religious services, which would be legitimized by giving proper notice of them to the civil

[1] "As it is repeatedly stated in the press that but for the Pope the French Episcopate would have accepted the dishonourable proposal, let the British public know that they were absolutely unanimous in rejecting it. The only basis in fact for the absurd statement to the contrary is that certain Bishops did consider whether it was possible to form associations under the Separation Law on a canonical basis, and that they gave up the attempt as hopeless. This week also the absurd fiction has been revived that the Pope has in Germany accepted the principle of *Associations Cultuelles*. This argument has been invented almost entirely for English consumption. In France they know better than to use it. The fact is that German Councils are perfectly canonical, for, like English churchwardens, they are merely administrators of Church property, not organizers of Church worship." (*Saturday Review*, December 15, 1906.)

authorities. To facilitate matters, one notice, he announced, would be held sufficient for the whole coming twelvemonth, it being only during this period—styled the year of grace—that any arrangement of the kind can avail.

Here, again, the Pope has intervened, forbidding French Catholics to adopt this method of securing the temporary continuance of their worship, and in consequence of this action His Holiness is loudly denounced by the partisans of the French Government, as the enemy of peace, who seeks, for unworthy political motives, the nature of which is never specified, to stir up civil discord among the French people.

The means of learning something concerning the grounds upon which the Papal prohibition is based, are furnished by an authority so little open to suspicion of partiality as the *Times* newspaper, whose Roman correspondent has recorded them.[1]

> It is assumed [he tells us] that Pius X. has wilfully rejected a peaceful method of issue from the present situation, whereas there can be little doubt that the Holy See had hoped until the last moment in the possibility of some acceptable compromise, and that M. Briand's circular was a bitter disappointment.

The manifold objections which in the opinion of Rome forbid the acceptance of this solution, are sketched by the same writer.

In the first place, there is no finality about it, even for the year for which it is offered.

> A ministerial circular offers no guarantee whatever: it only engages the minister who signed it, and can be annulled by his successors, or even by himself, should he so please: it has no legal or obligatory nature. Were it thus annulled, the Church would be left liable to prosecution for the contravention of laws which are not legally and definitely superseded. The legal inadequacy [of the circular] has been fully exposed in some organs of the French press, notably by M. Armand Lods, a well-known Protestant lawyer.
>
> Apart from its want of finality, the circular offers an arrangement of an entirely arbitrary character, and is altogether hostile to the interests of the Church, which it makes no pretence even of safeguarding. It professes to leave the sacred edifices in the possession of the clergy for purposes of public worship and ceremonies, but under conditions which make their use almost impossible. A single declaration may suffice for the regular routine of worship, but as regards such religious ceremonies as baptisms, marriages, or funerals,

[1] December 11th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 17th.

the circular expressly states that the conditions of Article 2 in the law of 1881 have to be fully complied with, which enacts that all public meetings shall be preceded by a declaration indicating the place, the day, and the hour of the meeting. The Bishop or priest is allowed the use of the church or cathedral as simple "occupier." The clergy have no administrative authority whatever in such buildings; they can alter nothing, they cannot even mend a broken window without permission. At the same time, they are to be held responsible for any damages which the buildings may suffer.

So completely do the churches pass under civil control that any pecuniary charges made in connection with them must come into the hands, not of the clergy, but of the municipality or police. So it will be with the fees for christenings, weddings, and burials. So too with the sale of candles or objects of piety. So even with the hiring of the chairs, which in foreign churches take the place of our benches. No revenue from any such source must be applied to the support of religious worship.

The provisions regarding the maintenance of order in church are also held to be specially objectionable.

Until now, and under the *régime* of the Concordat, if any disorder occurred in a church, the priest had the right of calling in the police, of procuring the expulsion of those who caused the disturbance, and of quietly continuing his sacred office. Under the *régime* proposed by M. Briand, an emissary of some hostile sect, or any malevolent person, will be tempted to create wilful disorder; for the result will be that the representative of authority, who may be any official between a commissary of police and a *garde champêtre*, will declare the religious meeting dissolved, obliging a preacher to descend from the pulpit, a priest to leave the altar, and a congregation to abandon the church. The *Curé* is a mere occupier of the edifice, and is no longer master of the church in which he officiates. The master will be a police commissary or mayor who, even should he happen to be a schismatic or a freethinker, can ordain at his own will the meeting or dispersal of congregations assembled for worship.

These, it will scarcely be denied, are hard conditions enough, yet, as we learn on the same authority, had this been all, the Pope would have been willing to accept them for the sake of peace, bitter and dishonourable though he felt them to be. But with the question of the churches was bound up that of the residences of Bishops and priests, and of the Seminaries,—though of these we hear little or nothing—and to accept one part of the Government's proposal entailed acceptance of all.

As to the episcopal palaces and presbyteries, the clergy can rent them as they please, but there is nothing to prevent a hostile municipality, or even an individual competitor for occupation, from raising the rent beyond all reasonable limits.

But far worse is the case of the Seminaries. These are confiscated absolutely, and cannot be redeemed by payment of rent, or on any other terms. In default of *Associations Cultuelles*, Seminaries are in fact declared to be illegal associations, and condemned to extinction, and the young clerics studying in them have received orders to join the colours of the regiments in which they are to go through their military service.

To have accepted M. Briand's conditions would have been to acquiesce in this which is an integral portion of them. How, it may be asked, could the Head of the Church consent to purchase a brief and precarious tenure of the temples dedicated to Divine worship, by making himself a party to the extinction of the clergy by whom these temples have to be served?

So it is that in the opinion of the Vatican M. Briand's proposal cannot possibly be accepted. As the *Osservatore Romano* declares:

> The law laid down in the circular is not the common law: it is a tissue of arbitrary and illegal dispositions, of which consent to one means consent to all.

But, it will be said, is it not certain that had they been left to themselves, the French episcopate and clergy were ready and even anxious to embrace the offer of the Minister? True, this is roundly and repeatedly asserted by M. Clemenceau and his followers in France, and their apologists in this country. On the other hand it is categorically denied at Rome. As we are told by the *Times* correspondent who has been frequently quoted, the Vatican official pronouncement declares that

> the object of the search at Mgr. Montagnini's residence [the late Nunciature], and of his expulsion, was to make the world believe that various false statements, which have been put into circulation, were confirmed by the documents confiscated, such as the report that a portion of the episcopate and clergy were ready to make the declaration. This is false. The opposition is not against the declaration required for religious meetings, but against the whole spirit of M. Briand's circular.

Such, in brief, from the most neutral evidence within reach, is the real character of the crisis, which—we are assured—exhibits on the one hand the liberal and conciliatory spirit of the French Government, and, on the other, the irreconcilable attitude of the Church. As M. Clemenceau declared the other day in the Chamber :[1]

> We have made every concession. We offered you the common law of 1881, specially accommodated for your sake. We softened the rigour of the law for your benefit. But, as soon as you saw that peace would be the result, that the churches would remain open and worship would continue as before, you would have no more of the law of 1881. You said: "This is peaceful common law: that is not the common law we want." So you have sought pretexts for war. Be it so. If you make war on the common law, we will make war on you, and we begin to-day.

M. Clemenceau is, no doubt, a practised and persuasive orator, but when he adopts such a line as this the case he has to defend must be bad indeed. Will any one in his senses be induced to believe that the Catholics, out of mere devilry, have thus insisted on running their heads against a stone wall, by forcing on a quarrel with the all-powerful faction in whose hands are all the forces of the State; who can make what laws they please, and prosecute whom they will for resisting them; who avowedly aim at the total extinction of religion, yet protest the while that they will not bring about so desirable a consummation, unless they are compelled by the violence of their adversaries?

J. G.

[1] December 12th.

The Society of Jesus and Education.

[The series of papers of which the following is the third was originally delivered to an audience of Jesuit scholastics at Stonyhurst. This will explain and must excuse their exhortatory tone. They are made public in the feeling that they contain matter which may be of interest to a wider circle of Catholic teachers.—ED.]

III. A DOCUMENT BY LAYNEZ.

LOOKED at from outside, we have hitherto seen, St. Ignatius had little enough sympathy with education. To him it was no more than any other creature, riches or poverty, long life or short, health or sickness; in itself it was simply a matter of indifference. If he was biassed at all in its regard, it was rather against than towards it; for he had seen for himself how blinding an influence it could and did produce on men who might and should have known so very much better. But once he had begun to take action in the field his whole attitude became altered. As an end in itself he made light of education; as a means to an end he soon came to see there was nothing more effectual. It was a power as a weapon of warfare; it was also in itself an immense field of labour. Then at any cost it must be adopted, and that in thorough earnest. Nowhere in his life is his doctrine of indifference better illustrated than in the way he dealt with education; making himself, first, entirely independent and above it; then recognizing its importance; thirdly, taking due precautions; and finally adopting it wholly and entirely, as if the Society's very existence hung upon it.

The material work he actually did in forming the Society's education is thus summed up by the editors of the *Monumenta Paedagogica:*

Three things in particular our holy Father seems to have had in view when he was drawing up the Fourth Part of the Constitutions, the part, that is, which treats specially of studies. First he laid down those principles of the spiritual life according to which the Society,

both its professors and its students, were to be guided, in studies as in everything else. This most of all in every matter St. Ignatius kept before him, that the greater glory of God should be sought by the Society, and that all its efforts should be concentrated on this end. In the second place he was careful to secure such an economic condition of our colleges that, while due respect might be paid to the wishes of their founders, there might at the same time remain with the Society freedom of action to do as it thought best for the greater service of God. Lastly, and this might be said to be the first outline of the *Ratio Studiorum*—he drew up the list of the arts and sciences in which our students were expected to be trained; and insinuated briefly the way of dealing with them, as may be seen in particular in the last seven chapters of this part.

The editors then add:

While our holy Father was writing the Constitutions at Rome, something was being attempted by the industry of several individual Fathers, to establish a carefully-digested method of studies.

They proceed to describe the efforts that were made by some of these, notably Nadal, Olivier, de Codretto, Polanco, and Ledesma; who, taken together, may certainly be called the fathers of the *Ratio Studiorum*. All these and others were at work and were comparing notes, drawn alike from experience and theory, while St. Ignatius was yet alive. We have still preserved documents on studies drawn up by each of these—draughts of a school syllabus, suggestions of rules for masters and for boys, methods of school management, directions for rectors and prefects of studies, lists of *Industriae* derived from personal experiment, and the like. But it is worth while noticing that outside the Constitutions not a word is to be found written on the subject by St. Ignatius himself. There are some general remarks here and there among his letters, relating to the kind of men he looked for in his students, the manner of their behaviour in the Universities, and the good fruit for souls he expected from their simple example; but nowhere has he anything technical, whether in the shape of a school syllabus, or an order of the day, or even hints on teaching. Evidently, then, he had done in this matter what he had done in so many others. He himself was not a scholar, much as he had come to value scholarship. What were the actual needs of schools and students, others, he assumed, who had themselves been ardent students in their time, and were now directors of studies, knew better by experience than he could hope to know. He

contented himself accordingly with laying down broad lines, the general principles of the Order; their application in detail he left to the prudence and sagacity of others.

It must often occur to any discriminating reader of the early Society's history that one at least of the first companions of St. Ignatius has scarcely yet received the recognition he deserves. The glory of St. Ignatius himself, enhanced by that of Xavier and Borgia, and quickly succeeded by that of Kostka and Gonzaga, has tended to diminish the glory of others who, in their way, were also very great. It is but of recent years that the name even of Faber has emerged out of the dazzle. But among them all perhaps none has suffered so much as Laynez; for though what history records of him marks him out as one of quite extraordinary merit and genius, of the man as he was in himself we seem to know provokingly little. Of all the first companions of Ignatius he appears to have been by far the most talented by nature. At Trent he was second to no theologian in the world; the feats of intellect he is said there to have displayed scarcely find a parallel in history; this at all events is certain, that by the whole assembly he was treated with a deference shown to no other theologian. He alone, again, of all the first Fathers, was offered a Cardinal's hat. Of him St. Ignatius said what he said of no one else, that he understood better than anyone he knew his own true mind and the spirit of the Society. To him he wished to entrust, while he was himself yet alive, the supreme command of the Order; and at his death the Society endorsed the choice of the Saint by electing Laynez to succeed him. This, too, we know of him: that his sanctity was heroic, his sagacity and judgment of exceptional acuteness, his learning portentous, and his breadth of view akin, at least, to that of St. Ignatius himself.

When, then, we can discover the mind of Laynez, we may be sure we have there expressed the mind of St. Ignatius, and the mind of the Society of Jesus itself in its state of primitive fervour. Now, it chances that among the early documents on studies which preceded the *Ratio Studiorum*, one has been found which bears his name, and which seems to be authentic. In matter of fact it contains little more than is contained in similar documents, save that it has a pointedness of manner quite its own, and that in order of time it stands first of its kind, so far as can be ascertained. On these two accounts it may be well to give it a careful scrutiny; it will tell us better than anything

else what was the spirit of our early Fathers, what was their object in view, and what were the means they proposed to adopt in order to attain it.

The manuscript is entitled, "Rules for Schools;" in another hand is written, "Rules for progress in spirit and in letters for lower schools." It then begins with a general introduction as follows:

Since all true wisdom proceeds from God, all-holy and almighty, and since He imparts it much more willingly, and in much greater abundance, to minds that are pure and open, our pupils should strive by every endeavour to ensure the safety of this last, if only that they may make the best progress possible in letters. To the securing of this the recommendations that follow will very much avail. Therefore we earnestly beg of you that you observe them with all diligence.

This is the general introduction. From the last sentence, "We beg of you," &c., it is clear that the document was intended to be placed in the hands of the boys themselves; it seems to have been a kind of general guide which every boy was supposed to have by him. From the first one cannot fail to recognize what a very modern mind was his that wrote it. This very argument for good living, that evil life corrupts the mind and induces intellectual blindness, is independent of religion. It is being used to-day in our great public schools as a chief argument for morality.

The document then divides into two parts. The first part is as follows:

As to Morals and Purity of Conscience:

1. Since the foundation of the whole spiritual edifice is faith, they ought to believe purely and simply whatever our most holy Mother the Church proposes to us to be believed, and to hold in abhorrence all errors and sects, those of this our time in particular; they should also beware of familiarity with heretics, or with those who are suspected of heresy. On this account they will refrain from reading all prohibited books, and will religiously cherish the holy, Apostolic See, revering the Sovereign Pontiff, who on earth holds the place of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who has expelled from the Church and condemned all errors.

2. Let them place all their hope in God as in a most loving and a most kind-hearted Father, and, in case any doubt or anxiety beset them, or in case any trouble come about, let them consult Him, and that with a heart both patient and constant; moreover let them consider all good gifts of fortune, of nature, and of grace, to come

from Him, who thus lavishly and abundantly communicates Himself to us.

3. Let them take care that with all their soul and with all their strength they reverence and love our Lord, and lay aside their own will, and conform it to the will Divine, and obey with all exactness the commandments of God and of the Church.

4. With all devotedness and reverence let them recommend themselves to the most blessed and most glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, who by her intercession is able to obtain for us every grace and every good thing from the Most Holy Trinity. Then also let them cherish and revere the saints and angels, and, in particular, St. Michael the Archangel, as the prince of the Church; also the one whom they have chosen for themselves as their guardian. Let them, moreover, pay honour to relics and images of the saints. In churches let them be both reverent and respectful. Let them hold all priests in honour, and everyone else who has dedicated himself to God.

This is very plain speaking, and in the light of the times is full of significance. The effect of the Reformation was being felt in other countries than in Germany. In almost every town of Italy the literary circles affected Lutheran ideas and ways of speaking. It is true the Italian men of letters rejected the heresy as a pest; nevertheless, they played with its sentiments, as a means of exciting philosophical discussion, with the result that they were left Catholics in name, but in fact full of incredulity. Above all, did this show itself in the matter of religious practice. Devotions had become out of favour, and those who continued their practice were looked upon with pity. The fashion in the schools which called themselves liberal was to speak with scorn of the Church and its trappings, and to make good sport of its manifest flaws, ignoring its wealth of real greatness. The *Colloquia* of Erasmus, publicly condemned at Trent, was widely used as a text-book, and one has only to turn over its pages to recognize the harm it might do, with its abundance of learning on the one hand, and its show of righteousness on the other.

Against the spirit of this book, and in direct opposition to the "intellectual" spirit of the times, Laynez is emphatic. The injunctions above-quoted are an inculcation of an outward practice of faith, almost to exaggeration, precisely in those points which were least in favour at the moment. Before all else, Laynez is determined to secure the simple faith, internal and external, of those who come under him. Religion is to him the chief matter of instruction; it is the beginning of all

education; indeed, if we did not read farther, one might think he made it everything. He does not fear to incur the ridicule of the learned world in consequence; to say that he and his associates were unaware of the risk they were running of being laughed to scorn as out of date and unenlightened would, in their case, be preposterous. Their wide experience, their breadth of vision and, to us who know them, their nobility of purpose secure them from any such charge. It was a question of attitude and no more. Whether Erasmus and his school were at heart loyal sons of Rome or not, it can scarcely be denied that their sneering attitude had produced sad effects on the loyalty of others. Whether they were justified or not in teaching Latin style to children by means of smart abuse of a decadent clergy, it is certain that with their latinity children had also drunk in a certain mistrust of the faith that was their inheritance. Against this spirit, more than against the spirit of open rebellion, the aim of Laynez and his fellow-workers was directed; and all that is here being given must be read as written in this light. The boys were to be made to realize the solid value of the faith that was theirs, independently of all supercilious insinuations, independently, even, of any shortcomings that might be only too evident in high quarters. This was the distinction that Erasmus failed to make; in tearing up the cockle he tore up the wheat along with it. Laynez would have no tearing up at all. He would have the faith stand on its own merits; he would have the children learn to be proud to display it, even where the Gentiles called it folly.

The document contains further instructions to this effect. It then turns to matters more material.

6. Our boys will take care not to occupy their minds to their own undoing, but to settle all their thoughts on good and honourable things; and they will remember that God, all-holy and almighty, is everywhere present, and that from Him nothing can be hidden. Likewise they will make it a custom often to think upon death, which is always impending over every one, the last judgment, eternal punishment, the torments with which the unjust will be visited, the rewards and the blessings of Heaven, also the Life and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which has been offered to us for a model to be imitated as exactly as is possible according to our age and capacity.

7. Let their conversation be engaged on such topics as help to devotion and to study; let them abstain from all blasphemy, perjury, lying, abuse, and any injurious, foul, or even idle words; moreover,

each one will take it on himself to correct another whom he sees to be acting differently; and if he pays no heed to the correction, let the matter be referred to the master.

8. Let them use moderation in food and drink, being satisfied with that which is given to them, without any grumbling or resentment; their clothing shall be respectable, but not expensive, and they shall give no trouble to their parents on that score. Let them sleep sparingly, let them rise early, let them keep chaste until they marry, and even all their lives if they be called by God to that state; hence every place of ill-fame is to be avoided, and every occasion of vice. They must not be idle; they must not make use of arms, nor of forbidden games, such as dice, cards, masks, and the like. But if at any time, for the sake of mental relaxation, they indulge in games of good repute, let these last for a short time only, lest they waste to no purpose a thing which is so precious.

In this way the boy is taught to be mindful of himself, and to learn the all-important lesson of self-control. The dangers against which he is warned seem to us alarming enough,—blasphemy and perjury, drunkenness and rioting, grossness of life and gambling; but the days were evil, nowhere worse than in most of the great educational centres; and the scholars were day-scholars, with little but themselves, acting on the counsel of their masters, to depend upon for safety in the midst of their surroundings. The words contain no exaggeration; they are rather a comment on the kind of thing the Society of Jesus had taken on itself to combat.

Having dealt with the boy's relations to himself, the document goes on to treat of his relations to others.

9. Their parents and their teachers they will love with all reverence and obedience, taking it with all equanimity and submission if they are punished with words, or even with blows. They will show reverence to the aged and to those who are either placed in authority or holding any office. Let them be given to understand that no one will be admitted into our Society unless those wish it to whose guardianship and care they have been committed: nevertheless, they ought earnestly to implore the Lord to be present with them, and to afford them light in choosing that state of life which may seem to conduce the more to the service of God and their own salvation. Meantime, let them beware of being rash and thoughtless in making vows; but when with full deliberation they have bound themselves by these, let them be careful to fulfil them exactly.

10. Let them make it a matter of principle not to be a burthen to their companions or to the servants of the house, not to be causes of

discord or divisions, jealous of or insolent to others, but retiring and makers of peace. They will avoid familiar intercourse with evil natures, and will associate only with those who can be of assistance to them in morals and in letters.

11. In general behaviour and in all their actions, let them be a model of reserve to outsiders; let them not throw stones in the streets, nor make mockery of the poor or of beggars, but rather take pity on them and bestow on them an alms if they are able.

12. But that all that has been above directed may be the better brought to perfection, let them all possess a certain little book, entitled *Christian Doctrine*, and let them learn it by heart. Let them, moreover, be present at the exhortations and expositions which shall be given on Christian doctrine in the College, and at the sermons delivered in the church, and let them do so with earnestness and care. Let them also from time to time read some spiritual book, such as that little one entitled, *The Imitation of Christ.* Let them go to Confession once a month; they will also receive Holy Communion, that is, if it seems good to the confessor who is appointed over them.

This concludes the first part of the document. To understand its full significance it would be necessary to enter still more into the peculiar situation in which the Society was making its experiments. At first sight one might suppose the remarks to be but common-places of spirituality; such as any religious of the day might have been expected to put down were he asked to write some pious recommendations for schoolboys. But on closer examination, and considering them in their surroundings, it becomes at once clear that they have all been carefully selected. They are in deliberate opposition to the prevailing spirit of the age, a deliberate refusal to compromise, a deliberate defiance of the fashion of the Renaissance period, which would make in education less account of religion and more of letters, less of the commandments and more of that liberty of spirit which was assumed to distinguish the man of the world. His opening advice to hold all sects in abhorrence is a flat denial of the principle of those who declared such a practice to be but imprudent and narrow-minded bigotry. His recommendation to boys, destined to be leading men, to find in prayer a solution of problems, defies the scorn of those who would make of prayer an occupation only for women. His exhortations to the simple life, in food, in sleep, in dress, and in behaviour, is deliberately set down against the spirit of the age which, in its way, was as luxurious and extravagant as is the present. There is no mistaking what he means. Unlike what

is so often imputed to the Society of Jesus and its ways, it is an open declaration of war; and it assumes a position in the fight which compels it to conquer or die. There is no shadow or suspicion of accepting the *status quo* with a view to ultimately having its way. Materially, indeed, the Society had no other course before it. It went into the schools as they were, and while it worked in them had to form its own plan of action. But from the first it let the schools see, and the literary world to which the schools belonged, that its object in view was not merely to teach. It came to make order out of chaos, to submit unruliness to authority, and to teach its scholars, in the schools themselves, something more than many of the old schoolmasters cared for. The Society of Jesus was a teacher indeed, but a religious teacher first of all; from the beginning to the end it did not hesitate to say so, and was finally hacked to pieces for its blunt audacity.

We come now to the second part of the Laynez document. This part deals with studies in particular; and to any one who will read between the lines it is no less instructive than the first. It begins by laying down for the boy a noble motive to inspire him.

In regard to studies:

1. Those who give their attention to letters ought to do so on this account, not merely that they may acquire learning, or wealth, or honour, but that by a knowledge of the truth they may be of use to themselves and to others for the honour and glory of God. But if at any time by means of our learning we rise to power and dignity, we ought to refer it all to God only as His gift.

2. But seeing that in addition to a rightly ordered mind there is required also in those who study an intellect both quick to take in what they either read or hear, and reliable in forming a judgment, a memory strong to retain, and a certain inclination to study, lest they give up in its pursuit, let any one who finds himself endowed with these gifts look to it that he is in no way ungrateful to God for favours so great, and that he does not make bad use of them, seeing he should employ them for the glory of God. But he who shall discover that he has not been blessed with these endowments of the mind, will do his best to acquire them for himself, especially by study and practice. But if any one be found so dull, that there is no hope whatever of his advancing in letters, let him understand that his teachers, after he has become proficient in good manners, will give his parents due notice of the fact, that he may not waste his time, his money, and his labour.

This is surely a note that only a skilled and keen schoolmaster could have written. His division of schoolboys is interesting. There are those who are quick to learn; there are those who, do what they will, or whatever others may do for them, will never make much progress; and there are those who, though wanting in native talents, yet can make up for these, and can cultivate what germs of them they have, by study and persevering practice. Again, the four requirements which he lays down for a good student are instructive: quickness to grasp a point, power to judge for oneself, memory to retain, and a liking for one's work. To cultivate these, then, particularly the second and fourth, is of the very cream of true education.

3. Seeing that the study of letters calls for the whole of a man's energies, care must be taken that they do not involve themselves in any other business, that they do not give themselves entirely up to games [which seems to imply that the danger was before the school-boy of that time as much as in our own], and that they contract no habit which may hinder them from devoting themselves the more freely to their studies for the greater glory of God. Seeing also that it is only by process of time that learning is acquired, and that no one, except by divine favour, becomes a learned man in a moment, let them be assiduous in their studies, and every day let them make a point of being present at all the literary exercises. Let them be ready at the place before they begin, and let them not leave until they are concluded; and let them not go up into the higher classes before due foundations have been laid in the lower. Consequently, as soon as they shall come to the school, they will give their names to be inscribed in the catalogue, that they may be sent to that class which shall seem best to suit them.

This last remark seems strange to our ears. The idea of a boy deciding for himself what classes he shall attend, and when he shall move up to a higher standard, seems an absurdity to us with our fixed routine and curricula. But a fixed curriculum was still something of a novelty in a public school of the times of Laynez; and the masters taught their classes very much in the open, many a boy being able to come and go almost as he pleased. One may, indeed, say that the class system, as it is now seen throughout the world, is one of the effects of the Society's influence upon education.

The remainder of the regulations are eminently practical, and need no comment. Only one thing may be worth while noticing; they are as thoroughly uncompromising, as deliberate

a defiance of the liberalizing spirit against which they are evidently directed, as anything that has been said in the part on "Morals and Conscience." Take, for instance, the sentence with which the very next regulation begins:

4. Let them possess no books that are indecent; no authors that have ever come under any suspicion of heresy, nor any that is not expurgated. Those who are under the care of their parents may not buy books for themselves without their permission, nor tear them, nor write in them. Let those who are older study at home before their hours of class. But in the schoolroom let them listen to the lessons with attention and care, and, during them, let them not go to sleep, nor chatter, nor do anything else by which schools may be obstructed; but they will take notes on such matters as the master bids them note, and on what they shall judge to be useful to themselves.

5. Let them be also vigorous in examining and repeating their lessons in an orderly way, and let them have no foolish self-consciousness about it. If there is anything they do not understand, they will ask those who know better; and these latter will tell them what they know, without any selfish niggardliness. By so doing the matter itself will become more clear to them, and will be fixed the better in the memory.

6. At the times prescribed they will hold their discussions both freely and keenly, yet in such a way as never to forget good manners and self-command, without any show of temper or annoyance. Moreover in a submissive and a friendly spirit let them yield to the truth when it is evident, for that is the object of all disputation: whoever is conquered by it, conquers his own mistaken ideas. Furthermore, let them not interrupt each other in a captious spirit; let them be concise and clear, setting everything aside that can impede the elucidation and knowledge of the truth; and let them not be contentious or rude. They will themselves put an end to their disputations as soon as the master gives the signal.

This regulation refers to the great characteristic of the old as compared with the modern education—the system of repetition and discussion among the boys themselves, the function of the master being to do no more than to preside and direct, a system which still survives in the scholastic circles in philosophy and theology. The modern increase of subjects to be learned has made such repetitions all but impossible, but whether or not our education has gained by the change may surely be open to question.

7. Let them learn only that which has been fixed for them by the master, and that, too, at favourable times, in the morning for example,

and before supper; for which purpose much assistance will be gained by frequent repetition, by earnest and clear reading, by raising the voice, and especially by repeating before they go to bed.

8. In writing, and in their practice of style, they will be as diligent as possible; for style is a most important matter, indeed it is essential if one looks to the assistance of posterity.

Surely this is a far-reaching motive to put before a schoolboy. Yet is it too far-reaching to appeal to a boy who has a spark of real ambition in him?

9. They will speak Latin, Grammarians without any solecism, those more advanced with elegance; but all alike to the extent of their ability. For it is a matter of no small moment that a man should be able to explain well to others the impressions of his mind; let him therefore be careful to read, as well, with elegance and clearly.

10. In private studies, and in work done at home, let them look to it that they do not out of idle curiosity study things that are forbidden, useless, without purpose, or beyond them, but matters of use, and such as are within their grasp; for instance, the subjects that are touched upon in class, and other kindred topics; and let them take care that in their studies they observe due order, and are judicious and sensible, even while they are persevering, that thus they may keep their health.

11. Those who are the more diligent in carrying out what we have here recommended, and above all those who go to confession every month, if they are careful and earnest about their work, not only will, with the help of our Lord, make very great progress in letters and in virtue, but will also be partakers in all the prayers and good works which are performed, by God's grace, in our Society, and particularly in this college. Those who shall be troublesome and shall afford occasion of injury to others, shall be punished by the Corrector, in proportion to their offence; but if they be more advanced, and refuse to submit to the infliction of corporal punishment, when they shall have been warned once or twice, and still decline to reform, shall be expelled from any college in which Ours shall teach. Lastly, our masters shall do everything gratis, merely for the sake of their neighbour's advantage, and for the love and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is our only and great reward, who is blessed for ever.

This seems to be the substance of the earliest document of any length which professes to set forth the ideal of the Society's education as she would have a boy to understand it. Its date is not quite clear. But it bears internal evidence of having been writen by a Superior of a college; hence one may argue that if, as it seems, it is the work of Laynez, it belongs to a date well within the life-time of St. Ignatius.

To sum up. We have been struck in reading this document with the important place religion holds in the mind of the writer. And that not merely by way of practice; so far as practice is concerned he says much less than is recommended to-day in any sodalist's manual. Nor does he speak out of mere formality, as a Religious might be supposed to speak; of that we have said enough already. Rather he makes much account of religion simply as an educating influence. He writes as a schoolmaster who has at heart the making of the whole man, not merely the making of a scholar; and of the forces that go to make the man religion in his mind is paramount, indeed, is almost everything. A good conscience, he believes, helps to accuracy and depth of thought; helps, too, to the forming of character. Where there is unrest there is bias, and bias falsifies judgment. Where there is consciousness of evil, there is a necessary leaning to deceit. A life of study, he assumes, should be a life of prayer; prayer and study have ever been natural allies. School, to him, is a time and a place of preparation, not only for a profession, or any other career in the world, but for a life that shall leave its mark in loyal service of man, made the more loyal because of its service of God and His Church. The object of study is not merely to "get on," but that by "getting on," a man may be the better able to do his duty, to God and to his fellow-men alike. When this foundation has been laid, then Laynez is not slow to insist on the natural aids to study.

Nor is the spirit of this document by any means peculiar to itself. It is found in every other, one may say without a single exception, written with a view to defining the Society's idea of education before the compiling of the *Ratio Studiorum;* and any discussion of the system and its methods which fails to take cognizance of this, fails to grasp its fundamental principle. Retrograde or not, bigoted or not, narrow-minded or not, the Society from the first committed itself irrevocably to the teaching of religion, without which it held its own or any other teaching, from its point of view, to be worthless. On this matter it was hopelessly intransigent. And yet, it must be remembered, the men who adopted this attitude were not merely holy men, or enthusiasts. They were certainly more than pietists. They were shrewd men of the world, as their enemies are only too eager to proclaim; they knew the fevered beat of the pulse of Europe as probably no other men knew it;

they had the experience, not of this University or that, nor of one particular centre, but of almost every seat of learning in almost every country—Spain and Portugal, Italy and France, Austria, Germany, and the Low Countries; and their single aim, clearly conceived, was to find a remedy for the growing evils of the day. The source of those evils, so their experience taught them, was to be found in the irreligion and the consequent loose living of the great educational centres. There, at all events, might the disease be most effectually checked. Accordingly they went into those centres; they boldly set up anew, and compelled their students to display, the Church's standard of morality; they brought in religion, and religious influences, to be again a factor in a man's education, not merely as a subject for smart dialectic, but as the very basis and principle of life, and of all sound judgment concerning it; they faced the fashion of the time, defied first the sneer, and then the anger, of the learned; made sacrifice of not an inch of ground to win better favour; told the world, simply and straight, that it was wrong, that the system of education which disparaged religion was fundamentally vicious; undertook by their own deliberate action to prove that system all a lie; and staked on the issue their lives and their prospects, and, what was still more dear to them, the life and prospects of their Order. If there is truth in the often-quoted statement, that the Society of Jesus checked the Reformation by catholicizing the Renaissance movement, its explanation must be found in this, that the Society maintained what the Reformation endeavoured to destroy; made everything of formal religion while Protestantism in practice assumed it to be nothing; with religion as its motive forced a footing on the field of learning, and in the work it did gave proof that by means of this motive more could be done than by means of any other.

We have not far to go to find a practical application of the lesson of this paper to ourselves. It has often been remarked that the spirit of the learned world is very much akin to the spirit of the later Renaissance. Both alike maintain themselves to be respectably, fashionably Christian; both alike, in mind and at heart, are thorough-going pagans. Religion they will not deny outright, and on that account they claim the title of Christian; but to accept the authority of any Church is the last thing they would dream of. To soothe what remains of a conscience, and to silence the protests of troublesome or

anxious inquirers, both alike are willing to accept the alliance of religion; but that alliance must be maintained over a very limited sphere. It may work very well in a hospital, or in a crowded slum; it can have no place in a school-room. Religion is one thing, education is another; to bring the two inconveniently together, worse still, to combine them and call them one, worst of all, to subject the one to the other, is an impertinence, an intrusion, a piece of narrow-minded bigotry. This was the spirit of those days, as it tends to be the spirit of to-day. To the educated world of the time the Society undertook to teach a diametrically opposite doctrine; a doctrine which, in one way or another, the educated world must be made to learn again if it is to be saved.

But if this is so, then it stands to reason that we ourselves need to be wide awake. What, then, can we do? One thing at least would seem to be essential. We must bring it home, every day more and more, to those we have to teach that religious education, Catholic education, as distinct from any other, non-Catholic or non-religious, really does mean something. Somehow or other they must be made to feel that they are better men for being Catholics, and for having been educated at a Catholic school. Their Catholic training as such must give them something, which more than compensates for all they have lost by the surrender of a public school or other education. It will not be enough that they should learn Christian doctrine, whether positive or dogmatic; that by itself is neither Catholic education, nor is it a thing which will of itself make much difference in the future. It is not always those who are best grounded in the teaching of the Church that ultimately prove its most loyal champions, or who even best appreciate the boon of the faith. It will not suffice that they should be trained in pious practices; pious practices alone will never produce strong men, a fact which our late Father General, in a memorable address, emphasized in no measured terms. What, then, will suffice? It is difficult, perhaps it is impossible, to speak with precision; but in general, one may say that our boys must be impressed with a sense of the tremendous reality of religion. They will learn from us, if we teach according to our traditions, that religion is something which enters into all their lives, which colours all their thoughts, which modifies their aspects of life and the things of life, and which makes them better, sounder men, just because of this sounder judgment which it gives them.

If it can be made to do that, then religion becomes a reality, not only in itself, but as a factor in education. It was on these two accounts that Laynez and his fellow-workers put religion in the first place. For the sake of religion they had adopted education. "The scope of the Society and of its course of studies is to help to the knowledge and love of God, and the salvation of souls," says Laynez himself in another document, dealing with higher studies. From the motive of religion they strove to draw out of their boys the best that was in them. The promotion of religion they set before them as the noblest end in life. And finally, by means of religion, more than by any other means, they developed that refinement of mind and character which is the best fruit of any education. In this way they fought their battle. Religion had been tabooed by the intellect of the day; the Jesuit schoolmasters introduced it into every nook and corner of their schools. It had been declared bankrupt as a power over reasoning men; they taught their boys to pay it homage as the chief promoter of right reason. Is the problem before the present generation very different from theirs?

ALBAN GOODIER.

Notes on Religious Instruction in School.

THE present trend of educational politics removes the occasion for prefatory apology in any attempt to simplify the problem of securing religious instruction to the children. In a very literal sense "the old order changeth," and even the most sanguine look uneasily to the development. Amid hopes and fears one thing seems certain: The bulk of the religious instruction and the responsibility for it cannot be placed as heretofore with the teachers. Their earnestness and good-will may remain, but they will be of little avail when effort and desire are restricted and fenced in by the regulations of a rigid governing authority.

A gradual weakening of the Catholic position in the matter of religious training became inevitable by the Act of 1902. In a letter addressed to the clergy and laity the late Cardinal Archbishop thus wrote: "As a result of that Act competition between the world and the Church to control the formation of the young has become visibly and sensibly accentuated in all directions." And to counterbalance "the increasing control of the world in the sphere of education to the ultimate destruction of revealed religion as a vital factor in public and private life," he advocated everywhere an introduction or extension of confraternities of Christian Doctrine, whose special function is to co-operate with the clergy in the religious instruction of the young.

Infinitely more hostile to Catholic interests is the prospective Act than the Act of 1902, and, while in many districts it may be sufficient to strengthen and supplement existing means of instruction, in some districts at least the whole work of religious instruction may need to be organized and carried on apart from the ordinary routine of the day-school.

In considering any scheme of voluntary effort for teaching purposes, a grave difficulty confronts us at the outset. No subject lends itself more readily than education to discussions

of a general character: few subjects are less fruitful and more distressing to the tyro than teaching. The reason of this is plain. Teaching is an art—it is practical. It conforms in its operations to general principles, as do all arts; yet good teaching is no more inevitably the outcome of an acquaintance with the broad features of educational science, than is the ability to write good poetry a necessary outcome of a knowledge of the principles of versification.

Good teaching implies learning, love of knowledge, patience, zeal: the converse of the proposition is of limited application only. A widespread appreciation of this fact is no doubt an explanation of the general practice of leaving religious instruction equally with secular instruction, almost wholly in the hands of professional educators. But while it is true that a wide range of good gifts directed by use are involved in the work of teaching, and that the perfect craftsman is as rarely met with in the school as in the atelier, it is equally true that fair proficiency in the art is within reach of all.

In this paper it is proposed, first, to consider certain aspects of the course of religious instruction usually followed, with a view to a possible simplification; and, secondly, to set down briefly some of the more obvious conditions of successful oral teaching for the consideration of those who are without actual experience of the work, but who may be disposed if need be to do their best in it for the children's sake.

I.

The range of matter for lessons is so extensive and the time at disposal so short, that the loss is serious where the academic is preferred to the practical, the formal to the real. And it is obvious that in applying the terms just used, a constant adjustment must take place.

Selection of matter will depend on (i.) the importance of the information in itself, (ii.) its suitability to the age, capacity, and circumstances of the children. A careful overhauling of values will show how effort may be economized. As an example: One of the diocesan syllabuses used to prescribe as part of the memory-work for individual repetition the hymns to the Holy Ghost, the Hymn of St. Bernard, the Litany of our Lady, the *Miserere* Psalm, and the *Te Deum!* The exercise was unnecessary; it took up much valuable time; it was irksome; yet—so easily do we adapt ourselves to what is

—several generations of school-children were made to pass through the ordeal ere a reasonable change was effected.

In framing schemes and in selecting material for lessons the keynote is simplicity. In case of doubt it is well to err on the side of defect, for an overcharged syllabus induces cram and lessens the disposition to take up the instruction for its own sake as a labour of love. The amount of religious knowledge absolutely necessary for children is small: it will, if the treatment be good, produce in later life choice fruit in faith and character. But the issue is obscured and development is arrested when the essential is overlaid with what is at the best of but secondary importance.

In the forefront of most schemes of religious instruction stands the Catechism, and the position has been held so long that there is a tendency to admit a prescriptive right to it. There are some to whom Catechism, learning, and religious instruction are synonymous terms. To these any suggestion of a modified use of the Catechism may come as a painful surprise. They will recall their young days spent in Catechism lessons, and point to a manhood of lusty Catholicity, and into a time sequence read cause and effect. Or they may maintain not less bravely, that since the Catechism is an excellent epitome of religious knowledge, therefore the teaching of the Catechism must be an excellent means of conveying religious knowledge.

In days gone by there was little need to traverse these or other arguments, on which was founded a conviction of the supreme need of mastering as early as possible the whole text of the Catechism, for a wide margin of time was still available for more intimate instruction. But those who are acquainted with the actual conditions of work inside the schools see clearly in the near future—whatever the letter of the law may be—a considerable curtailment of the study and observance of religion.

Let us look into the question more closely. The qualities which give value to the Catechism as a compendium of Christian Doctrine—the completeness of its survey, the precision of its definitions, the logical arrangement of its parts—recommend it but slightly as a text-book for the young. Fulness of matter is without advantage where only a small portion of the whole can be studied; definition, however exact, is usually of less value to children than simple description; and the psychology of the

child disposes us to regard as futile the attempt to build up for him an elaborate system on a strictly logical basis.

The Catechism is ungraded in respect either of importance of contents or of difficulty of matter. Much of the earlier sections is pure theology of little practical use to the child. The two chapters which are most easily intelligible—those dealing with the Christian's Rule of Life and the Christian's Daily Exercise—come last, and are reached, if at all, at the close of a child's school career. It would be amusing, were the question of religious instruction of less moment, to contemplate the position of the seven-year-old child on his transference from the infant department to the senior school. He is able, with assistance, to read words of one syllable and to understand their meaning vaguely; he can just catch a glimpse of number in the concrete; he writes a little, and he may be able to take an interest in a simple tale, provided it be within his sphere of thought and well told. With such preliminary training he is set upon the Catechism, and in a short time can repeat glibly enough that, "Faith is a supernatural gift of God which enables us to believe without doubting whatever God has revealed;" that, "We must believe whatever God has revealed, because God is the very Truth who can neither deceive nor be deceived," that, "God is the Supreme Spirit who alone exists of Himself and is infinite in all perfections;" and that "A mystery is a truth which is above reason but revealed by God."

In days gone by catechism-learning was much in vogue. There were catechisms of history, of common knowledge, of natural science, of philosophy, and specimens may still be found in the lumber-rooms of old houses, or on the shelves of amateurs in literary curiosities. But all these manuals have vanished from the schools. It is generally held to be unnecessary and undesirable to reduce our information on a subject to a congeries of definitions. And to approach a study by means of definitions is to run counter to all the principles of scientific method. What then must be said of the teaching of such definitions as those instanced to children of tender years? The teacher is yet unborn who could give them life and meaning. We may manufacture, so to speak, infant gramaphones which on the application of due stimulus will tickle our ears with a record intelligible to ourselves, but the instruments will remain dull, cold, and unchanged.

The question may be viewed from another standpoint, and

the acquisition of Catechism answers in childhood considered as capital for later years. This is ordinarily the view of those who by the condition of their life and occupation need frequently to refresh their knowledge of the catechism. But we have to consider the case of the every-day child who satisfies the demands of the Diocesan Inspector, and passes from the schoolroom to the shop, the factory, or the fields. What is the influence of the imperfectly comprehended exercises of childhood during the perilous years of adolescence? And how much of the original does the memory retain at a period when wider experience and maturer judgment would render it of value? For an answer to the last question the reader may make a direct examination in typical cases. Or, without leaving his arm-chair, let him endeavour to write out the paradigms of some language learnt at school and since neglected. Then having made a deduction in his own case for the influence of favourable circumstances and a cultured mind, he may look upon the residue as a fair standard of comparison.

In spite of the drawbacks and limitations inseparable from this form of study, there is so much convenience to the teacher in having to hand a *précis* of Christian Doctrine, and so much advantage in the general adoption of an authorized expression of religious knowledge and belief, that there is little likelihood of the Catechism ceasing to occupy a central position in the scheme of religious instruction. But it is of the first importance to ascertain how its study may be made less routinary and its influence more real. Here suggestions arise. Selected portions of the catechism of practical utility and allowing of explanation to young children might be studied first, and the more abstract portions left over. Or, a shorter and simpler Catechism might be prepared for the elementary school, and the manual at present in use be reserved for more advanced pupils. There is little need, however, to discuss details now: they will assume a practical form should a modification of the present course be seen to be desirable. Meanwhile, we may bear in mind that our aim is to teach the most and the best and that we are not teaching in Utopia.

Let us turn from this branch of religious instruction in schools and ask if values are sufficiently weighed in the department of Scripture History. Here the arrangement of matter is usually chronological. The seven-year-old child begins with the Creation, and within a period of, perhaps, twelve months

he reaches, say, the Tower of Babel; within another period he may come to the Captivity in Egypt; and, again, he wanders through the Desert to the Promised Land. By dint of custom this procedure is followed without a suspicion of incongruity, and children will learn to reel off the order of Creation, the names of the sons of Jacob, and the Plagues of Egypt without hesitation or danger of transposition.

We do not set about the teaching of English history in this crude way. First are taught simple stories of bravery, of duty, of unselfishness, of obedience, which make a direct appeal to the child—stories of the Lion Heart, of Nelson, of the burghers of Calais, of the Black Prince; then come salient features of history traced simply through cause and effect; these again are expanded and worked out in detail; and, lastly, if opportunity offer, there is specialization of a given period. We do not trouble young minds with the complexities of the Saxon Heptarchy, with the Treaty of Dover, or the Constitutions of Clarendon. Might not the same young minds be as considerately dealt with in the teaching of Holy Writ?

Instruction in the New Testament leaves little room for comment. The parts usually taught in school are within the capacity of children, and of direct value. But there is a tendency even here to subordinate spirit to letter—to reduce, for instance, the teaching of parables to rote, and their lessons to bald statements.

A pertinent consideration comes in here. In every branch of secular instruction there have been made during recent years strenuous efforts not only to popularize the study by a clear and convincing presentation of its main features, but there have been equally strenuous attempts to elaborate special methods of teaching the various subjects. For although common principles of method can be seen to underlie all good teaching, the application of these principles is infinitely varied, and distinctive methods are evolved in harmony with the subject-matter, and with the special purposes which a subject is meant to serve. And much good, direct and incidental, has resulted to various branches of school-work from this elaboration of method. In religious instruction, however, little seems to have been done; we are where we were years ago, and the special didactics of the subject have hardly been begun.

Some of the defects in the religious instruction of the schools are traceable to the system of inspection which has been

commonly adopted. The courses of study prescribed have been extensive, the tests have been stringent, and schools have been classified according to their examination results. Under such conditions there is small room for surprise if, too often, the teacher has lost perspective and devoted his attention to the word rather than the thing. For some unaccountable reason the inspections have been originally modelled on the lines of the inspectors of the Education Department during the period when school-payments were made according to "Result." But whereas in secular subjects a constant endeavour has been made to get away from the ill-effects which that form of inspection produced, many of its evil features are still recognizable in the Department of Religious Instruction.

II.

It has been said that an initial difficulty of all organizations of voluntary effort for purposes of instruction lies in the nature of the work. For though good-will and zeal, joined with adequate knowledge of the subject-matter, will go far, they cannot of themselves suffice in an undertaking which demands a measure of technical ability. A few simple observations on some of the more obvious principles and conditions common to all successful teaching are here submitted. They may, perhaps, tend to direct effort along lines which might otherwise be overlooked or ignored, and thus be of service to those who are taking up the task of teaching for the first time.

Lecturing and Teaching.—The beginner is more apt to lecture than to teach. The two exercises are not wholly dissimilar, inasmuch as each makes a demand upon clear statement and vivid narration. In other respects they are at opposite poles. With the lecturer the question is, "How much matter can be presented?" with the teacher, "How much may be taught?" The lecturer obtrudes information: the teacher seeks to create a demand for it. The lecturer is concerned with his own point of view; the teacher with the point of view of his pupils. The lecturer assumes intelligence, desire, concentration, receptivity: the teacher has to ascertain if these qualities exist, and to what degree, and no small part of his effort lies in inducing, stimulating, and developing these primary conditions of learning.

Lecturing is not altogether out of place in school. With older children and in subjects which are well within their range

of thought, it may be advantageously used. With young children it is of small value, for the well-ordered information of the adult finds little response among the fragmentary shreds of knowledge possessed by the child. It is just here that the teacher comes in. He brings his mind to meet the mind of his pupils. There is fusion of idea, feeling, sentiment. And not for a moment does he lose sight of the fact that if the information he means to supply is to be more than empty words, it must in some way or other be brought into connection with knowledge which already exists, so that the child may recognize in the new matter an expansion or development of his previous store. This seems to be the true meaning of the much-quoted and ill-used aphorism of method, "Proceed from the known to the unknown."

Questioning.—In order to ascertain the content of the pupil's mind the teacher resorts to questions—often with but slight success. For owing to difference in concept and in sentiment between the child and the adult a question and its interpretation may be in spheres of thought which are mutually exclusive. A sympathetic teacher who knows how to keep himself in the background is usually not long in finding some idea in common, and then he has only to follow the lead of his pupils to maintain touch with them. Of special value to him are the questions which children under genial treatment are wont to ask, and the explanations and narrations which they delight to make.

The alertness and industry of the pupils show clearly when they are interested in the lesson, and the interest will continue so long as the instruction is within the range of their thought, and their activity is stimulated by constant addition of new matter intimately allied with what has been already assimilated.

There is no need here to treat of the questions employed to test the remembrance of facts, for such questioning lies outside the lesson proper. Nor need we dwell on that most difficult form of questioning to which the name Socratic is often given, in which, by skilfully applied questions, the pupil is made to shift voluntarily from position to position, until at last he himself rises to the formulation of the truth which is under discussion. Such questioning is obviously of use to the teacher of ability only, and is a very perfect example of progression from the known to the unknown. But reference may be made to a common practice of interlarding a narrative with points of interrogation which lead nowhere and elucidate nothing, and

serve no other purpose save to disguise thinly a lecture under the trappings of a lesson.

Aim and Method.—How often does the schoolboy marvel at what seems to him the special facility of the teacher in disguising his meaning. Each lead has a blind issue, and the web becomes more tangled as the lesson advances. In such lessons the facts are usually correct, but they are used, so far as the class is concerned, in the wrong place. Such misplacement, with its attendant confusion of thought, would be avoided were the teacher to fix in advance his aim and keep it in mind throughout the lesson. Changes need to be made in his preconceived procedure to suit the circumstances which arise during the instruction, and indeed the soul of good teaching is spontaneity. But every change of procedure must serve to bring out more clearly the dominant idea.

This conscious adaptation of means to end is the basis of method, without which teaching is unworthy of the name. And it should seem that method may be impaired by either of two opposite faults. The teacher may keep changing front, in which case the pupils are unable to fix, out of many possible, the goal at which they should aim. Or, he may persevere in his course without taking care that his pupils are given sufficient guidance to enable them to bear him company.

Interest.—Learning proceeds through interest. When the pupils become genuinely interested in the instruction a teacher's difficulties are almost at an end. He need no longer struggle against the resistance of the child-mind to his ministrations. On the contrary, a demand for information comes from the pupils, and this information they endeavour of themselves to systematize. And as the mental effort is at such times highly concentrated, the facts of the lesson become fixed in memory more effectively than they would be by any mere verbal repetition.

All children are not, of course, equally interested in the same things, and some allowance must be made for individual tastes, preferences, and capabilities. The differences in individuals are repeated in a milder form in classes. Instruction which is suitable to the children of a town school may not appeal to children in a remote village. The bases of interest in girls are not identical with those in boys. Nevertheless, in all cases the sum of agreements in essentials outweighs the differences—were it not so, collective teaching would be impossible.

Whatever the conditions and circumstances of the children may be, there is in every lesson a spirit of interest if the teacher will but distil it out. That he fails to do so lies most commonly in his disinclination or inability to come down from his rostrum, to lay aside the cloak of manhood and to be once more a child. The acquisitions of advancing years are not all clear profit. We accumulate fact, perfect inference, and build up system, but in doing so are apt to lose fancy, imagination, and impulse. This loss a teacher must endeavour to repair, for success depends not upon his wealth of fact, the closeness of his reasoning, the completeness of his knowledge, but upon his power of thinking and feeling as children think and feel. It is not a question of whittling down information, as some do, but of selecting elements which are within the capacity of the child, and presenting them in such a way as to be both intelligible and stimulating.

It is because the child lives in a world of fancy where the facts of life have an aspect and meaning peculiar to the stage of his development that fables and allegories are of such service to the teacher in dealing with junior classes, and it is because of their revolt against the prosaic that children of all ages accept lessons for their daily conduct in the form of stories. Suitable stories may be met with on every side and, above all, in the pages of Sacred Scripture the teacher has material for concrete illustration of every phase of childhood. But the stories should convey their own lesson if they are to produce the full charm and effect.

An objection may be raised that it is possible to make learning too pleasant, that rigidity in school is a good preparation for the routine of life, and that children should be accustomed to look on their tasks less as a pleasure than as an unavoidable duty. Such objection can only arise from those who regard character as formed by accretions from without rather than by development from within. There is practical unanimity among educators that even in the teaching of secular subjects it matters less what we teach than how we teach. The facts taught in school can form only a tiny portion of the sum of knowledge in any direction, and such facts may be forgotten or uncalled for. But in the act of their sympathetic and intelligent study qualities of mind and heart are engendered which persist to the end. The objection is, however, without force for another reason. There is no royal road to learning. With every effort

of the teacher obstacles remain. But obstacles are surmounted more easily by those whose interest has been secured and whose intelligence has been evoked. And memorizing is no longer drudgery when motived not only by cheerfully accepted duty but also by the knowledge that it is a means to a desirable end.

Control.—The golden rule for maintaining order in class is to keep the pupils occupied. But this rule is of application only where a measure of disciplinary power already exists. And attention of a mechanical kind which embraces silence and a respectful attitude must be established as a necessary preliminary to the stage of intellectual attention. The non-professional teacher endeavours frequently to obtain a leverage by introducing a story or some other detail calculated to arrest the attention of his class. The principle is excellent, but it does not always work well in practice: for, unless the instruction is developed easily and intimately, the end of the introductory matter is marked by indifference and reaction.

It is really not difficult to secure initial attention if the teacher assumes in simple, unpretentious manner his own position and the co-operation of his class. He will do well to avoid a concessive attitude either at the religious lesson or at any other time. Exercise of power is an instinct in children, and under a weak government they tend to become lawless.[1] On the other hand they are not given to question captiously authority, and their admiration for the strong and masterful makes them willing subjects of an unobtrusive yet determined ruler. A capable teacher bears this in mind in the discipline of his class. He uses few words, he imposes few rules, he neither promises nor threatens, he is firm yet kind. He does not expect too much from his pupils, but he insists on a minimum: he allows for the weaknesses of child-nature while taking advantage of its virtues.

. . . .

The foregoing observations may perhaps serve as a slight introduction to the meaning of method in teaching. Incidentally they may show that teaching is no mere routinary avocation but one in which exceptional demands are made upon the intelligence, the devotion, the knowledge and the resource of those engaged in it. The progress which has been made in

[1] There seems to be here an explanation of the fate of many a boys' club, guild, and confraternity.

secular studies during recent years is largely the result of improved methods of teaching and there seems to be no reason to doubt that progress in religious knowledge must be similarly conditioned.

Here we put in a plea for a more general reading of educational science. An inquiry into its principles and their application will be found to open out a new and fertile field of thought. Nor will the study be devoid of immediate utility. At every turn the tax-payer is confronted with the ideals of correlation, unification, nationalization of education—brave words which may mean something or may be but "vacant chaff well-meant for grain." A study of principles will help to show what he is paying for and whereto he is tending. Parents will be especially benefited by such reading, for in it is much that will help them in the management, the training, and the destination of their children. The introduction of a short course of theoretical and practical teaching may be found practicable eventually in all ecclesiastical seminaries. Such a course would be highly stimulating and of no small service to young priests in taking up work on the mission.

This brings us back to our starting-point. The whole work of religious instruction may in the near future need to be organized outside the school, and it is well to look at the special difficulties of the impending task and to be prepared to cope with them.

Inducements to join in the good work are many and profound and all who enter upon it in the right way may rest assured their labour will not be in vain. In striving to enlighten others, their own vision will be made more clear. Their nature will be deeply moved and the best that is in them will come forth in communion with the unspoiled souls of children. In watching the growth of the germs of faith and piety which they are privileged to tend, they will find an absorbing interest and in the affection of their pupils abiding solace. Their reward even here is great. And a greater is promised hereafter.

R. SMYTHE.

The Case of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey.

THE number for October, 1906, of the *Law Quarterly Review*, edited by Sir Frederick Pollock, contains an article, bearing the title appearing above, written by Mr. John Pollock. It is in substance a review of my book, *Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?*[1] In addition it is largely a re-assertion of the position taken by Mr. Pollock in his *Popish Plot.*[2] In his article Mr. Pollock charges me with "ignorance," "incapacity to deal with evidence." I am told that I have not mastered "the elementary rules of historical inquiry:" I am charged with making mis-statements and misrepresentations: my method of submitting the medical evidence to an expert was "highly improper," "most improper." These are Mr. Pollock's most prominent charges; there are others descending from these heights to the low level of quoting an edition of Burnet not approved by Mr. Pollock. With two only of these minor charges can I concern myself. Mr. Pollock blames me for not saying something which I have said: he implies, rather than directly states, that I have said what I have not said. "Mr. Marks does not, however, mention that he (Godfrey) was also seen in the Strand close to Charing Cross, not far, that is, from his own house, about one o'clock." This is mentioned by me on page 102, and is commented on elsewhere. In addition, on page 103, Mr. Pollock will find reference to a fact he has thus far studiously ignored, that Michael Godfrey was satisfied as to his brother's movements to about three on the Saturday afternoon.

I have nowhere intimated, as Mr. Pollock suggests, disbelief in the existence of a door between the Water Gate and the upper court. Not only did Prance's tutors adapt his fictions to the existence of such a door; there is direct evidence on the subject.[3]

Mr. Pollock's charge of ignorance is intended, no doubt, to

[1] Burns and Oates. [2] Duckworth, 1903.
[3] Evidence of Sir R. Southwell in trial of Green, Berry, and Hill.

cover the whole ground, but applies in an especial degree to one passage. In writing of the terrible results of the outbreak of fanaticism, I said:

> Nor did the terrible effects of this frenzied outbreak stop at our own shores. Under the Edict of Nantes, French Protestants enjoyed a liberty of worship and freedom such as for many a long day was not to be accorded to Catholics in England. For more than eighty years the Huguenots had been left in peace. But now, "rumours concerning our barbarity" daily increased in Paris: the French king was pressed "to make him revenge the quarrel of the English Catholics upon the French Protestants, who trembled for fear of some violent persecution." Cruel persecution of the French Protestants, and finally, the Revocation of the Edict, were the answer to the cry for revenge.[1]

A footnote gave reference to five pages in *Savile Correspondence*, a volume published by the Camden Society in 1858.

Henry Savile was Charles II.'s envoy to the French king from February, 1679, to March, 1682. The Popish Plot "broke out" in October, 1678. The Edict was revoked in October, 1685, but the Revocation did little more than, as it were, set the seal on a series of cruel persecutions instituted some years before. Were these things an answer to the cry for revenge? Let us see. Savile is a witness to whom no exception can be taken. He was zealous in the cause of the persecuted Huguenots, to the point that Lord Halifax had to remind him that he might give occasion for a higher persecution by interference. We of to-day may forget this indiscretion; we should never forget that Savile constantly pressed for a large measure of naturalization to encourage the immigration into England of the persecuted Huguenots.

The breaking out of the Plot was quickly followed by a proclamation ordering Catholics to leave London; another confined them within five miles of their home; the "five Popish lords" were thrown into the Tower, there was no safety of liberty or life against the denunciations of informers. There had been several executions up to May, 1679. It was on June 5th of this year that Savile wrote from Paris:

> The Archbishop of Paris, and the Père de la Chaise, do all they can to prevail with this king to make him revenge the quarrel of the English Catholics upon the French Protestants, who tremble for fear of some violent persecution. . . . I have writ to Mr. Secretary several times to tell him the necessity of having something put out in print

[1] P. 6.

to give an account to the world of our proceedings since the discovery of the Plot, which for want of some such treatise is wholly unbelieved here, and our nation upbraided with all the infamous reproaches the violence of angry fools can invent.

A few days later Savile tells how the judges of the Chambre Ardente, a tribunal appointed to try a gang of poisoners, have their authority extended to all matters relating to the Protestants.

I doubt these poor people have the worse quarter in revenge of what is done to the Papists in England.[1]

On August 2, 1679, Savile again presses for

the printing of something in French concerning the plot, . . . for since the speeches of the dying Jesuits [these were "the Five Jesuits," executed on June 20th] which the Père de la Chaise had translated and showed to the king, and every body have seen, the rumours concerning our barbarity increase daily here, and it grows absolutely necessary something should be done in our justification.[2]

On December 29, 1680, Lord Stafford was executed. On January 15, 1681, Savile writes:

I hope my Lord Stafford's trial will be translated into French and some copies sent me, for I am baited out of my wits every day about it.[3]

The next extract, a few days later in date, January 18th, shows the French king modelling a portion of his policy of persecution on that adopted in England.

Monsieur de Croissy . . . told me he had, in obedience to his master's orders, sent to all officers concerned in that matter, not to put the late edicts concerning religion in execution against the king our master's subjects till further order, in which condition this affair will always remain if Monsieur de Barrillon do not revive it, to whom orders are sent to give an account here of the usage of the king's Roman Catholic subjects in England, that being the model designed for what treatment the English Protestants shall find here.[4]

There are many other interesting passages, but I have quoted enough for my purpose. And now I ask Mr. Pollock how, with my references before him, he ventured to write, "If he had profited by . . . the present writer's *Popish Plot* . . . he would have been saved from dishing up a chaudfroid of views which were natural when Lingard wrote, but to-day are ignorant"?

[1] P. 100. [2] P. 113. [3] P. 172. [4] P. 174.

And I further ask him on what grounds he requires me to take him as a better authority in this matter than the contemporary English envoy in Paris?

Another thing which has drawn upon me Mr. Pollock's grave censure, is that I have spoken of "the romances of these wretches of proved infamy," the said wretches being the informers, "discoverers," or, as they were officially designated, "the King's evidence." "'Proved' betrays him," says Mr. Pollock: "he writes as if all the resources of modern investigation were at command in 1678, whereas in reality it took months and even years to establish facts as to character which now-a-days might be common knowledge in a few hours." Again, "It is now proved beyond doubt that most of the informers were men of infamous character: but it is equally certain that it was not proved on their first appearance." The drift of this is clear: Mr. Pollock is seeking to exonerate those who instituted and conducted the trials, on the plea of ignorance of the real character of the informers. The point readily admits of investigation.

Mr. Pollock will, of course, not accept the statement of L'Estrange, who asserts of Oates and Bedloe that "the character of these two wretches was as well known as the whipping-post." But will Mr. Pollock venture to state that it would take "months and even years" to find out that Oates had been "silenced" by the Archbishop of Canterbury; that he had broken out of Dover gaol; that he had been dismissed from his chaplaincy in the Navy for unmentionable offences?

In the case of Bedloe we have the clearest proof that his villainies were known at the very outset of his new career as a "discoverer." Bedloe made his first public appearance in singular circumstances. On his way from London to Bristol, he wrote from Newbury to Secretary Coventry to cause him to be arrested on his arrival at Bristol.[1] The explanation given by North of this singular move is that he was so well known in London that he did not venture to make an abrupt appearance there. Bedloe's first examination on his return to London took place on November 7th. On the 10th, only three days later, we find this in Reresby's *Memoirs*, written in the form of a diary:

1678, November 10. This Bedloe was the son of a cobbler in Wales, but had cheated a great many merchants abroad and gentlemen

[1] Mr. Pollock, who tells how Bedloe "shed a ray of light upon the scene," says that Bedloe wrote from Bristol. This is a mistake. (L'Estrange, *Brief History*, iii. pp. 5, 6.)

at home, by personating my Lord Gerard, and other men of quality, and by divers other cheats: and when he was taxed with it, he made it an argument to be more credited in this matter, saying nobody but a rogue could be employed in such designs.[1]

This "argument" was produced by Bedloe at the bar of the House of Commons on November 14, 1678: "I confess I have been a great rogue to my King and country, and if I had not been so, I could not have revealed what I have done."[2]

Dangerfield's first public appearance seems to have been in October, 1679, when he was brought before the Privy Council. The keeper of Newgate then declared that he had never had charge of a greater rogue. This did not in the least interfere with his career as a "discoverer." In June, 1680, he was put forward as a witness against Mrs. Cellier, who produced in court records showing that Dangerfield had been convicted of theft, burnt in the hand, pilloried, whipped, and outlawed. A few days later the Crown lawyers produced him in the trial of Lord Castlemain, contending that the King's pardon restored Dangerfield's status as a witness. The House of Commons showed a most tender solicitude for Dangerfield. On several occasions the House considered the question of the validity of his pardon: on the last occasion, in November, 1680, a committee of twenty members was nominated to inspect this celebrated pardon. He was put forward as a Crown witness so late as February 8, 1681, when, on the evidence of Oates and Dangerfield, a priest was condemned for high treason.[3]

So much for Mr. Pollock's contention that the character of the informers was not known when they first came in. It is true that everything was done that could be done to hide their infamy. From the moment that the Plot had been seized upon by the politicians, the word had gone round that the witnesses must be supported, "that all those who undermined the credit of the witnesses were to be looked on as public enemies," that "the Plot must be handled as true, whether it were so or not." In pursuance of this plan men who dared to throw doubt on the "discoverers" were fined or thrown into prison without more ado. Thus, on October 26, 1678, James Thompson was committed to the Gatehouse, where he remained till December 14th, for having "rashly and passionately expressed himself to the disparagement of Mr. Oates." In another case, two years later, we read of "a fine of £100 set upon Mr. Shipton

[1] P. 149. [2] Grey's *Debates*, vol. vi. p. 199. [3] Luttrell, vol. i. p. 67.

for defaming Oates, Bedloe, and Dugdale, witnesses to the Popish Plot."[1] About the same time Captain Bickley was put out of all public employments, summoned before the Lords, and, kneeling at the bar, was rebuked by the Lord President, because he had, at a public meeting in Chichester, said that "Doctor" Oates was "a very bad man, and that it had been better he had never been, and that he had contradicted himself two and twenty times in his testimony against the prisoners." There are several such cases in the Journals of the two Houses. Sir Edward Sackvile was expelled the House, and thrown into the Tower for "endeavouring to stifle the belief in the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey by the Papists." Sir Robert Cann was expelled the House and imprisoned in the Tower for being "guilty of publicly declaring in the city of Bristol that there was no Popish Plot, but a Presbyterian Plot."

Now what is the meaning of all this: what especially is the meaning of the plan that "the Plot must be handled as true, whether it were so or not"? What but this, that all the forces of which the Government could dispose were to be used to secure the conviction of any person, of all persons, denounced by the gang of informers? Let us see how this worked in practice. For the purpose we will take the trial of Lord Stafford. This is a very fair selection. Reresby seems to go too far when he says that it was "doubtful at that time whether there were more that believed there was a Plot to take away the King's life by the Papists or not." But at least the first heat of the Plot had subsided: there had been acquittals, severely damaging the credit of the informers. Then, Stafford was tried by his peers, who may be supposed less liable to be moved by the clamour of the mob.

Stafford had lain in the Tower since November, 1678, vainly asking for trial, till November 10, 1680, when the House of Commons resolved "that this House will proceed in the prosecution of the Lords in the Tower: and will forthwith begin with William Lord Stafford." It was notorious that Stafford was the one of the "Five Popish Lords" selected, because it was thought that by reason of his age and infirmity he was less able than the others to make his defence. Pains were taken to produce the required frame of mind in the public. The Plot had suffered by the acquittal of some accused. How

[1] Salmon, *The Chronological Historian.*

[2] *Journals, House of Lords*, vol. xiii. pp. 618, 680, 683.

to restore its credit? As its success was based upon the supposed murder of a magistrate, could not this incident be repeated? Or perhaps, without actual sacrifice of a Justice of the Peace, the required effect might be produced. Accordingly, on the night of April 15, 1680, John Arnold, J.P., a furious bigot and a great priest-hunter, hurriedly left the Devil Tavern, and presently was found seated in the mud of Jackanapes Alley, bleeding and crying murder. The story was received with incredulity, but a man charged for attempted murder was convicted. The report of the trial was issued with great pomp: "Made public by virtue of an order of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled," prefaced by a violent diatribe against the Catholics. The case was dragged into the trial of Lord Stafford by Sir F. Winnington, "There is a conviction, though not for murder, yet for cutting the throat of Mr. Arnold. 'Tis true he is not dead, yet, as to the public, I count him murdered by the Papists, though he be alive in the world."

The fact that a committee of twenty members of the House of Commons was appointed on the eve of Stafford's trial to examine Dangerfield's pardon, shows that Dangerfield was held in reserve. But another "discoverer" had come in. On October 26, 1680, in answer to an address of the Commons, a proclamation was issued for encouragement of further discovery of the Popish Plot. A free pardon was offered to all who came in within two months. This can have had no other object than to rake in "discoverers" for Lord Stafford's trial. A comparison of dates shows that it was in answer to this proclamation that Turbervile offered himself as a witness, and was thereupon quartered on the Secret Service fund. Turbervile was a convert of Dr. Lloyd, vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, who had supported him for some months. Lloyd had pressed Turbervile to discover all he knew, but Turbervile had no particulars to disclose. Presently, Lloyd learnt that Turbervile was giving very detailed information against Stafford. What was to be done? In reward for his services as inquisitor, Lloyd had been made Bishop of St. Asaph. Was he to turn against his patrons by giving evidence which might destroy Turbervile's romances, and thus save Stafford's life? Lloyd summoned his clerical friends in council, among them Burnet. One and all advised him to remain silent. "Damned advice," is Swift's comment. But something of this had reached the

managers of the trial. Measures were taken to secure Lloyd's silence. Sir Francis Winnington, one of the "committee appointed for the management of the evidence," made an opening speech in which he complained that

> there did appear in some men too easy and favourable a disposition towards the Papists . . . books were written to distinguish the Church of Rome from the Court of Rome. One of those books, which was printed the year before the discovery of the Plot, contends that there ought to be a difference made between Papists of loyal and disloyal principles. This book, as it was written more artificially than the rest, and published in so critical and dangerous a juncture, deserves, and I doubt not in time will have, a particular consideration.[1]

Lloyd could not mistake the reference to his two books, *The Difference between the Church of Rome and the Court of Rome*, and *Considerations touching the True Way to suppress Popery in this Kingdom, by making a Distinction between Men of loyal and disloyal Principles in that Communion.* Whether in obedience to the advice of his clerical friends, or terrified by this idle threat of prosecution, Lloyd remained silent. Turbervile, who had averred with an oath that "there was no trade good but that of a discoverer," gave his evidence undisturbed by the newly-created Bishop. Stafford went to the scaffold, and Turbervile received £600 for swearing away his life. Evelyn, who was present at the trial, though not convinced of Stafford's innocence, yet thought that the testimony of such a man as Oates "should not be taken against the life of a dog." North, in his *Life of the Lord Keeper Guilford*, avers that very few of the peers who pronounced Lord Stafford guilty, "would own that they believed the witnesses who swore the treason against him;" they professed to believe that they were bound to judge according to the proof of facts, and the witnesses swore to the facts. Day by day the mob howled and hooted. "Every day since I came hither," said the victim, "there hath been such shouting and hooting by a company of barbarous rabble as never was heard the like, I believe."

To talk of conviction in such circumstances as a judicial error is a mere playing with words: if ever there were judicial murders, "premeditated murders under the forms of law," they are to be found in the execution of the sixteen victims of the Popish Plot.

I come now to the question of my plan of obtaining medical

[1] *State Trials*, vii. 1303.

opinion on the case, a plan condemned by Mr. Pollock as "most improper," "highly improper." Mr. Pollock does not seem to have discovered that there is a distinct branch of medical science known as forensic medicine, or medical jurisprudence. So distinct is it that forensic medicine has its chair at the modern Universities. To forensic medicine belongs the investigation of such cases as that of Godfrey. When I determined to seek the aid of a medical expert, I made, therefore, inquiries as to those actively engaged in the practice of forensic medicine. Among the names given to me, was that of Dr. Freyberger, to whom I found I could procure an introduction. Thereupon, I submitted to Dr. Freyberger a short statement of the case, asking whether he would undertake to investigate the evidence. On receiving his assent I copied all passages from my notes bearing on the medical aspect of the case, carefully distinguishing between the evidence given in courts and other evidence, such as the depositions made to L'Estrange. Mr. Pollock says: "Mr. Marks has thrown before Dr. Freyberger a bundle of evidence good and bad, of information accurate and inaccurate, and has left him to form an opinion on the whole, without, so far as appears, telling him that it was not all of equal authority." In my book,[1] I expressly stated that I had mentioned the circumstances in which the depositions were taken by L'Estrange; there is no justification for these remarks. Certainly I do not fear comparison of my plan with what Mr. Pollock conceives to be the proper method of submitting a case to a medical expert. I will now examine the questions submitted by Mr. Pollock:

Question 1. *In your opinion, could a man, holding the pommel of his sword in his two hands, and placing the point against his chest, exert enough force upon it to drive the sword through his heart and through his body, so that the point projected six or eight inches beyond his back?—Answer: No.*

The pommel of the sword in use about the time in question, as well as before and after, was a purely ornamental feature, a knob, about the size of a small chestnut, at the end of the handle, outside the guard. It would be impossible to hold this small object in two hands. The difficulty is not removed, is indeed, not practically lessened if, for "pommel," we substitute "handle." The blade of the sword in common use at the time

[1] P. 108.

was about thirty-three inches long; the handle would give a further length of five inches, making a total length of about thirty-eight inches. If we suppose such a sword to be pointed in an oblique upward direction against the chest of a tall man, the point just touching his chest, the finger-tips of such a tall man's extended hand would reach to a point about twenty-five inches along the blade in the direction of the handle. The handle would therefore be quite out of reach of his finger-tips; still less could he grasp in his closed hand the pommel or even the handle of the sword. The answer, "No," given to Mr. Pollock's question is therefore perfectly correct. But, as the reader will see, the question is purely fanciful, having no bearing on any controverted point, nor, indeed, any relation at all to anything whatsoever in the region of fact.

Question 2. If a man, in order to commit suicide, placed the pommel of his sword against, or fixed it in a bank on the opposite side of a ditch from himself and flung himself forward upon it, transfixing himself with it, could he, in your opinion, having regard to the resistance offered by the bank to the hilt of the sword, fall into the ditch with the sword in his body without cutting or tearing open the orifice of the wound so as to cause considerable external hæmorrhage?—Answer: No.

This second question seems to present what, in Mr. Pollock's opinion, is the only alternative to self-stabbing with a sword the pommel of which is held in both hands. This alternative presents the case of a man who should fix his sword on the opposite side of a ditch, and "fling himself forward upon it." There is no need to postulate either the opposite side of a ditch, or any such violent movement. The most natural way of committing suicide with a sword like that of the Restoration period would be to rest it on the ground, and then, holding the blade between the fingers of one hand, to lean upon it.

Question 3. In your opinion, could the marks on a dead man's neck—described as follows—'Below the left ear was a contused swelling, as if a hard knot had been tied underneath. Round the neck was a mark indented in the flesh, merging above and below into thick purple creases. The mark was not visible until the collar had been unbuttoned'—be produced by a cloth collar worn by the man, by the action of post-mortem hypostasis, the head being found in a downward position?[1]*—Answer: No. This mark certainly could not have been caused by the cloth collar, but is precisely what would be caused by a kerchief or cord tied tightly round the neck.*

[1] Mr. Pollock gives a reference to "Evidence of Chase and Lazinby, 8 St. Tr. 1381—84."

We have here what purports to be a quotation, expressly stated to be such—"described as follows"—and implied to be a quotation by the use of inverted commas. But it is not a quotation. The corresponding portions of the evidence cited read as follows:

> CHASE: I found a swelling upon the left ear, as if a knot had been tied.
>
> LAZINBY: Mr. Chase's son unbuttoned Sir E. Godfrey's collar, which was more than I saw when I was come in, and unbuttoning the collar, there were two great creases both above and below. So they sent for me down to come and see it, so I put the collar together, and I perceived the collar made the mark, like a strait ring upon a finger, the neck being swelled above the collar and below, by the strangling with a cord or cloth.

What Mr. Pollock presents as a quotation is not a quotation; it does not even rise to the dignity of a garbled quotation. We may leave it there. But the actual passage demands a little attention. It will be seen that the last eight words, "by the strangling with a cord or cloth," are in absolute contradiction with what has gone before. A man might have said what is conveyed in the first part or in the second, but the same man could not have said the two things so contradictory the one of the other. Knowing what we do of the manner in which the reports of trials were revised (the excision of evidence in this trial as to the stiffness of the arms is a case in point), there is little room to doubt that these last words were added by the reviser.[1] This is confirmed by Lazinby's deposition to L'Estrange. After telling how he was called down to see the neck after the unbuttoning of the collar, he continues:

> And this informant, upon his return, being asked what he thought of the two marks above and below, being just the breadth of the collar, which was a deep, stiff collar: It being suggested to this informant that they were the marks of ropes: He, this informant, gave his opinion that they were the marks of the edges of the collar, and that the swelling of the neck and the breast was so great above and below the collar that it occasioned those marks like a ring upon a swollen finger.[2]

How could a kerchief, how could a cord, make two marks separated by the depth of a deep collar?

[1] *Athenæum*, May 7th, 1904.
[2] L'Estrange, *Brief History*, iii. pp. 258, 259.

Question 4. *Would such marks properly be attributed to the man having been strangled with a cloth, cord, or handkerchief?—Answer: Yes.*

This question, depending upon Question 3, does not require a separate comment.

Question 5. *Would the presence of* rigor mortis *in the arms and legs prevent the disposal of a corpse in a ditch, with the head downwards, and with the left hand under the head, owing to difficulty in flexing the limbs?—Answer: No. If time were available, the body could certainly be thus arranged.*

Before putting his questions, Mr. Pollock endeavours to lessen the evidence as to the presence of *rigor mortis*. He says: "It is in fact doubtful whether and to what extent traces of *rigor mortis* were found in the body." It seems to me, on the contrary, that the fact of *rigor mortis* was established beyond doubt. Edward Fisher, the man who stripped the body, deposed to L'Estrange "the arms were so stiff that they were forced to tear off his shirt." But the fact does not rest upon the deposition thus made. At the trial of Thompson, Pain, and Farwell, the same man testified, "we could not bend his arms when we came to his shirt, so we tore it open." The passage was felt to be so damaging to the story of the transport of the body in a sedan chair that it was suppressed in the authorized report of the trial. How could the fact be better established? But the arms being so stiff that those who stripped the body were forced to tear off the shirt, how can we be expected to believe that the arms thus stiff could be made to take in the ditch a required attitude?

It does not seem to be necessary to examine a second series of questions, a repetition, in effect, of those I have quoted.

Mr. Pollock tells us that "in future no one with knowledge of the subject and pretensions to candour and commonsense will be able to maintain" conclusions contrary to his. He calls on an admiring world to witness the delivery by him "of the *coup de grâce* to a theory held by various writers at intervals for upwards of two hundred years."

If I cannot without reserve join in these eulogies, that is perhaps only natural. But I readily admit that Mr. Pollock's book has merits—one great merit. It furnishes an admirable illustration of the new hypothetical method—the bunch-of-keys-and-lock method. I will examine the book in this aspect.

This plan has been adopted, Mr. Pollock tells us, "by all genuine students since scientific criticism first began. . . . The mind of every competent person, unless prejudiced, works by this process" and so on, and so on. Mr. Pollock seems, indeed, to think that there is no other way of conducting an inquiry. Well, I will give an illustration, none the worse, I hope, for being borrowed from fiction, contrasting the two methods, the one of drawing conclusions from premisses, the other of accommodating premisses to a hypothesis.

In his story of *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, Poe tells of a dreadful and mysterious murder of two ladies. The police, proceeding on the hypothetical method, arrest one le Bon, the person last seen in the company of the ladies. But Dupin, the hero of Poe's story, takes up the case from the other end. He collects all procurable evidence, no matter how trivial or contradictory: he studies minutely all the facts upon the spot. The circle, as wide at first as the arrondissement, as wide as Paris, gradually contracts, shadows disperse, till two figures emerge, one of a sailor, the other of a hideous ape which, escaping from its master, wrought the dreadful deed. But for Dupin—let us for a moment suppose the story to be true—there would have been an undiscovered murder or perhaps the name of le Bon would have been added to the dismal catalogue of judicial errors. Poe ascribes the success of Dupin to his possession of "the analytical faculty," but Dupin's secret was to investigate the facts, rigidly shutting out the hypothetical method, known of old, before the advent of scientific criticism, as "jumping to a conclusion." Dupin had perhaps learnt by experience, like Mr. Gardiner, that "nothing is so likely as a false theory to blind the eyes to existing evidence."

Mr. Pollock's book, a portly volume of over four hundred full-sized pages, is called *The Popish Plot.* Now, there is no manner of doubt attaching to the meaning of these words. I turn to *Chambers's Encyclopaedia*, and find the following perfectly correct definition:

Popish Plot, the name given to an imaginary plot on the part of the Roman Catholics of England during the reign of Charles II., the object of which was believed to be a general massacre of the Protestants.

It is a plot, having no objective existence, invented by Tonge and Oates, or, since Mr. Pollock is a jealous guardian of the claims of the predominant partner, let us say by Oates

and Tonge. The details of this imaginary plot were set out in articles sworn before Godfrey, and, later, printed by the authority of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, in a Narrative dedicated to the King, addressed to the "Courteous Reader" by "Thy hearty Well-wisher and Servant in Jesus Christ, Titus Oates." Oates shows how the Catholics had resolved to kill Charles by bullets or by the knife, by poison or in a general conflagration of London, Westminster, Wapping, and the shipping in the Thames: how it was planned to massacre all Protestants in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and to overrun the kingdom by vast foreign armies held in readiness. On November 1, 1678, the House of Lords unanimously adopted a resolution previously passed, also unanimously, by the House of Commons: "That upon the evidence that has already appeared to this House, that this House is of opinion that there hath been and still is, a damnable and hellish plot contrived and carried on by the Pope's recusants for the assassinating and murdering the king, and for subverting the Government and rooting out and destroying the Protestant religion." Oates' Narrative is therefore a document of supreme importance in the story of the Popish Plot, of which it is, indeed, the very basis and foundation: but for this Narrative there would have been no Popish Plot to write about. In pre-scientific days a man setting out to write four hundred pages about the Popish Plot would necessarily, automatically, have put this document in the foreground. But the hypothetical method has no use for these plain and direct ways. Not only has Mr. Pollock not given the Narrative in full, he has not printed the text of a single one of Oates' eighty-one articles. All that he does is to reduce to an anæmic summary of about thirty lines Oates' sixty-eight folio pages, and to present this as a portion of the *Designs of the Roman Catholics.* It must be admitted that if Mr. Pollock had printed Oates' trash he would not have carried his readers any further: the hypothesis would have been still-born. But this reticence has another great advantage. Under its cover, Mr. Pollock constantly insinuates that there was, after all, something in Oates' story. Thus we have such phrases as "his vast superstructure of lies was not without a slight basis of fact."[1] Again, "here [at St. Omers], unless he made a prodigious guess, the most fortunate in history, Oates must have acquired

[1] P. 64.

hints dropped on the subject of the movement in England." But, as if Mr. Pollock wished to forestall the inquiry, How much, then, of Oates' "discoveries" was true? he adds, "It is not very profitable to speculate on the question exactly how much truth his vivid imagination concealed."[1] "Not very profitable"! This in relation to the very heart and core of the Popish Plot, the ostensible subject of the book!

There is much more of this, tending to drive the simple-minded reader to despair. On page 12, for instance, Mr. Pollock admits that "the falsehood of all this [Oates' Narrative] has been conclusively demonstrated." But on the very next page we are told that it is not proved that the Plot was deliberately concocted by Oates and Tonge. How then did they come by it? Does Mr. Pollock mean to suggest that it was revealed to them? Elsewhere[2] Mr. Pollock writes, "Historians have generally contented themselves with relying on the informers' certain mendacity to prove the entire falsehood of the plot which they denounced. The argument is patently unsound." Let the reader bear in mind that Mr. Pollock has refrained from putting his readers in a position to know what was "the plot which they denounced." I invite him, when he next writes on the subject, to reprint the eighty-one articles, with a marginal comment setting out what in his opinion is true and what false.

All this is accompanied by constant depreciation of those who took part in exposing the plot. Mr. Pollock cannot place "much reliance upon witnesses on the Catholic and Tory side. They labour under as great a bias as their opponents." Thus, in order to give play to his hypothesis, Mr. Pollock degrades to the level of the evidence of Oates, Bedloe, Dangerfield, and the rest, notorious perjurers, the testimony of L'Estrange and of North, the latter said by the second Earl of Clarendon to be one of the only two honest lawyers he had known.

How, one wonders, does the dealer in hypotheses set to work? Does he select his hypothesis by lot or otherwise? It would seem to be a matter of indifference, just as with a Chinese puzzle before us we might attempt to construct one or other of the completed figures shown. This view is suggested by a passage quoted approvingly from Mr. Gardiner by Mr. Pollock: "Try, if need be, one hypothesis after another." No one ever did or ever will feel the need; no one ever gets

[1] P. 67. [2] P. 15.

beyond the first. For, in one respect unlike fire, a good servant but a bad master, the hypothesis, worse than useless as a servant, as a master brings swift ruin.

> The human understanding [says Bacon], when it has once adopted an opinion (either as being the received opinion or as being agreeable to itself) draws all things else to support and agree with it. And though there be a greater number and weight of instances to be found on the other side, yet these it either neglects and despises, or else by some distinction sets aside and rejects: prejudging the matter to a great and pernicious extent, in order that the authority of its former conclusions may remain inviolate.[1]

One wonders whether Mr. Pollock must not have had at times misgivings that his hypothesis might presently land him in some predicament. We who look on can clearly see that disaster must certainly befall a writer so dominated by his hypothesis that it has become a matter of indifference to him whether there is much or but little truth in the document on which his whole story rests. Surely, we say to ourselves, such a chasing of Will-o'-the-wisps must end in a plunge into the bog! Here is the plunge.

Mr. Pollock is trying to buttress Oates by the testimony of a certain Colonel Scott. He succeeds to his entire satisfaction, Scott's

> information may be accepted as genuine. Clearly then there was some truth in the discovery of a Roman Catholic conspiracy in the year 1678. . . . Oates was not after all aiming shafts entirely at random. . . . That the whole truth had little resemblance to his tale of fire and massacre is certain, but the tale was not wholly devoid of truth. His vast superstructure of lies was not without a slight basis of solid fact.[2]

Let us then examine this story of Colonel Scott, told on pp. 61—64, and in Appendix A, pp. 375—377. In these pages Mr. Pollock gives an account of "discoveries" made by Colonel Scott in April, 1679; Scott being arrested at Dover on arriving from France. According to Scott, the Earl of Berkshire, lying sick in Paris, consulted Scott about a physician. But medical skill could not avail: the Earl was on his death-bed. The servants were turned out of the sick-chamber, the Earl of Cardigan and other friends were kept outside, while the Earl

[1] *Novum Organum*, Aphorism xlvi. *Philosophical Works.* Edited by J. M. Robertson, p. 265 and note 18.
[2] P. 64.

confided his secrets to Scott. They contain a pallid version of the usual story of a Catholic conspiracy. The simplicity and directness of Scott's relation point, as Mr. Pollock thinks, to its substantial truth. "Another proof of genuineness has still greater force, the extreme moderation of the whole narrative. A scoundrel following in the track of Oates and Bedloe would never have concocted such a story." Therefore Scott was not a scoundrel. "He never came forward to give evidence against those condemned for the plot." (As the reader will presently see, it was not Scott's fault that Pepys was not "condemned for the Plot.") "His name does not appear in the list of secret service money, doled out to the shameless witnesses for the crown. Nothing more is known of him." Let the reader mark well this last sentence, "Nothing more is known of him." The statement is somewhat qualified by a footnote: "Scott afterward gave evidence before the House of Commons against Pepys, whom he charged on report with having given information of the state of the navy to the French Court; but the affair was never thoroughly investigated." If these last words are not intended to convey that there was probably something in Scott's charges against Pepys, Mr. Pollock has been singularly unhappy in his choice of words. "On report," says Mr. Pollock. This can but mean that Scott did not claim to be a witness of fact. But Scott declared to the House that he had himself seen in the possession of the Treasurer General of the French navy, maps, plans, charts, drawings of ships, and many other things, all signed by Pepys. "The affair was never thoroughly investigated," says Mr. Pollock. Whose was the fault? Pepys and Deane were thrown into the Tower, upon Scott's charges, on May 22, 1679. On June 2nd, the prisoners were brought to the bar of the King's Bench, when, bail being denied them, their counsel pressed for speedy trial. This was refused by the Attorney-General on the ground that further evidence was expected. They were brought up a second and third time, and were at last, on July 9th, allowed to find heavy bail. Four times more they pressed for trial. At length, on February 12, 1680, the Attorney-General stated that Scott now refused to stand to his deposition, and the prisoners were discharged. But they were not quite clear of the business till June 30, 1680. So much for the implied slur on Pepys and Deane conveyed by the words, "the affair was never thoroughly investigated." We now go back to Mr. Pollock's

assurance that "Nothing more is known of him" (Scott). Not only is a great deal more known, but the knowledge lies so near the surface that it is impossible to be missed by a student of the Popish Plot, of which, indeed, it is a notable incident. Pepys at once set on foot inquiries, the results of which are known, though not so fully and clearly as could be wished.[1] The years of Scott's birth and death are not known, but he "flourished" (after the manner of the green bay-tree) between 1643 and 1696. Here are a few incidents in the biography of the gallant Colonel:

1643 (about). Transported to New England.

1660 (about). After the Restoration, returns to England.

1663. Returns to America, where he swindles Major Gotherson out of a large sum of money, reducing Major Gotherson's widow and orphan son to penury.

1665. Being summoned to appear at the Assizes, Scott escapes to the West Indies, where he passes himself off as a Quaker. Later, goes to England.

1667. Returns to the West Indies as Captain in a regiment stationed there.

167–. In the service of the States of Holland as Major and Colonel. Finally, is hanged in effigy for swindling the States out of £7,000.

167–. According to his own story, Scott, after leaving the Dutch service, entered the service of the Prince de Condé. The Prince's secretary denied this.

1678 (end of October). Is at Gravesend, passing as a Jesuit named Godfrey, seeking passage for Lisbon. Pepys fails to arrest him, and he escapes over sea.

1679. Brings a false accusation against Pepys and Deane, as narrated above.

1680. Engaged under Lord Shaftesbury in tutoring the Irish witnesses, on whose evidence Dr. Plunket was judicially murdered.

1681. Murders a hackney-coachman for refusing to carry him from Tower Hill to the Temple for 1s. 6d. The coroner's inquest having found a verdict of wilful murder against him, Scott escapes to Norway.

1696. Returns to England disguised as a Dutch skipper,

[1] In *Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?* p. 130, I repeated the account, generally given, that Scott's action was dictated by revenge for inquiries set on foot by Pepys as to Scott's frauds, but this is contradicted by dates.

flourishing a pardon and a bank bill for £100, both documents open to grave suspicion.

Up and down this truly delectable story are scattered charges of kidnapping, theft of jewels, carrying off the cash-box of his regiment, and miscellaneous swindling in New England, Long Island, Barbados, France, Holland, and England.[1]

"Nothing more is known of him."

Here I leave this illustration of the hypothetical method and of the ways of "scientific criticism."

ALFRED MARKS.

[1] The reader is referred to Rev. John Smith's *Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*, 1841; *Pepys's Diary*, edit. Braybrooke, 1848, vols. i. and v.; edit. Wheatley, vol. i. pp. xxxvii—xl.; Wheatley, *Pepys and the World he lived in*; G. D. Scull, *Dorothea Scott*, 1882; Art. "Scott, John," in *Dictionary of National Biography*; Article by Mr. J. R. Tanner, "Pepys and the Popish Plot," in *English Historical Review*, April, 1892, p. 281. It must be confessed that in some of the accounts the dates are in a tangle. All draw more or less on the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian, containing the results of Pepys's inquiries into the history of Scott. Now that the new history has begun to insinuate that perhaps, after all, Pepys really did sell to France the secrets of the Navy, it is to be hoped that we may have a fuller account of Pepys's investigation. It could not fail to be interesting.

Twilight.

"Faith hath eyes of its own, wherewith in a mysterious manner it doth see to be true that which as yet it doth not see at all; and wherewith it most certainly beholdeth that to which it believeth itself still to be blind."
(St. Augustine, *Ep.* cxx.)

HUGH had only been a week in Paris when he met his cousin, Arthur Trenacre. The meeting was unexpected. Arthur had been invisible in the quarters to which Marion had directed Hugh, who could never afterwards quite analyze the impulse which made him turn, one afternoon late in July, into the Morgue. Perhaps the very contrast between the great Cathedral and the low building just behind it; between the towers and soaring buttresses, and slender central spire, and the dead-house, grey, clean, utilitarian, prompted him to make experience of both. Certainly, he did not expect to find Arthur's face among the gruesome photographs he had to pass, or looking up, behind the wide plate-glass, from its pillow of slate beneath trickling water. Nor indeed was Arthur lying there. But he was leaning on the rail before the glass cubicles, staring half-horrorstruck, half-envious, into the cold eyes open there before him, tremendous with the secret caught even by the body in that one flash of death. Swinging somersaults on the railing beside him were three small street-arabs; and a nurse, elaborately costumed, had brought two children, brother and sister evidently, to see the sight. The nurse looked greedily; but these children's faces were white, and the doll and hoop seemed useless when they went out again into the sun.

Arthur, indescribably weary in all his attitude, looked only for a moment furious when he saw Hugh. Then the fatigue surged up to his brain. Without a word, he let Hugh take his arm, lead him out, and drive him to the hotel. And yet for days it seemed to Hugh that they had never left the Morgue. Arthur's face kept the expression of shocked bewilderment, and yet of excited inquiry evoked by the corpse at which he had been gazing. Its eyes had been full open, and extraordinarily wise; its lips, drawn inward as if by a half-repressed smile, gave to the whole face, in spite of the streaks and patches already

dark across it, an air of cynical amusement. "Poor man," it suggested, "life has proved to yourself your own ignorance; can you realize *my* wisdom? You are looking at this rag of part of me: can you not advert to the real, alert *fact* that has extricated itself from squalor and ignorance to you, no doubt, contemptible? Well, that one act has proved and made me wiser far than you. *I* at least know. *I* have the full experience of existence; and you could share it, if you would join me."

Indeed, during the weeks which followed, Arthur was far nearer even physical death than anyone imagined. Already much of his soul seemed quite dead. At the first, in London, though forcing himself to greater care of holding and demeanour, his utter apathy made him unintelligible to friends. They could find nothing to say to him: his very courtesy froze them. When he left town for Hugh's place in Surrey, he sank deeper and deeper into the dream which seemed to suck his very life-blood dry. Within his brain, unasked, the cycle of pictures came continually back, tracing the deplorable, yet, it seemed, necessary descent: his school days, nervous already and excitable, yet normal in the main, worldly-wise, though not unkindly: at the University, intellect awoken, exploring—the human intellect, with always new worlds of mingled thought and experience offered; all the fields of the earth, and built on these, the thought-stair whereby life might climb through golden light and rainbows, to the heavenly city. Then, intellect for the first time hesitating; a skein of mist across the ascent, making it not quite clear that the two ends of the sublime stair met; then, the mist gone, and the gap that it had suggested manifest. The starry city still showed luminous above him, and spiritual glories passed to and fro across the void; but could *he* pass? had *he* the right to hope for miracle-wings, to which trusting he might launch out from the uttermost of intellect in quest of the achieved knowledge—guessed at now, at most, and no longer confidently asserted, and in any case separate and independent. Travelling down the stairs he had mounted, he found he could no longer see how he had climbed even that brief way; from the very outset, the ascent seemed now cloud-causeway and illusory. Down here, at least, was firm ground and a path; here harvests of all possible experience for intellect to deal with if she would; the ideal must emerge only from the sum of verified facts, inclusive, in the highest sense concrete; what could be gained by abstraction in thought, by denial in activities corporal

or mental, save a formula empty of content, applicable to all things, simply because itself asserting nothing, and thereby suggesting that all it was fain to express was also nothing; an apex all too truly such, merely marking the point where converging lines met, and meeting vanished? Already he had been for some time travelling thus over earth's surface when he had talked with Hugh on St. Martha's Hill, near Guildford, intellect, isolated and therefore delusive, showing itself only strong enough to fight and conquer conscience. Resolved to struggle against what seemed to him, quite honestly, an untrustworthy backdrag in his heart—and what, he asked himself irritably, did one precisely mean by "heart"—he had been striking forward on the path of self-realization in which logic at first had seemed to promise him perfection of his manhood. And the discomfort grew, though Arthur strove to drown it in repetitions of the acts he knew had caused it; a discomfort to be expressed only by vulgar metaphors; a kind of moral indigestion, a prickly heat of the soul; but, at last, a recognized sickness; the certainty that once there had been health; and a desperate confusion of the mind, capable, now, of seeing only that as true, as duty, which it felt to be the worst for itself. For that essential disease, what cure could the soul give herself? "Let them catch sight of virtue," said Persius, "and grow sick that they have left her." Arthur chanced upon that line, and when the certainty that such was *his* plight faced him, angrily he denied that he saw what filled his eyes, and dealt conscience fresh and deadlier blows.

And so the time had come when in a kind of frenzy his will made him live wholly on what conscience long ago, and even intellect, at times, had vetoed. Exerting tremendous energies, putting out "will to live" as never before, he found a distorted joy in proving his force by a progressive suicide; it was a mad delight to leap from depth to depth of ignorance and nihilism in each new effort to lay hold on fact. Always was he lonelier, not so much because most of his friends left him, while others, angry, contemptuous, or frightened, he tabooed, as because his new companions touched ever less and less of his real self, touched only his surface; were themselves superficial, then impalpable, then phantasmagorial in proportion as himself had become a ghost; had become always narrower in powers of thought and range of hope and variety of reaction,—really the merest race of sensations, that only a thinnest thread of per-

sonality held together. First he had lost the desire to act, content to watch others do what once he had enjoyed to work out for himself. Then, save in always rarer hours when his brain, wildly excited, craved for the intricate and ingenious, it was only the noisy and obvious to which he could attend. At last, inability to fix his thought, or else thought fixing itself in unwilled outlines, made him pass into a world of empty shadow-pantomime, cutting its antics round him, affecting self not at all. He had willed to live, and "Death meanwhile was putting out the candles on the altar." Star after star quenched ; fold on new fold of dusk dropping round him, making shapes meaningless even near at hand, while the past became irrevocable to memory, and the future provocative of no interest.

As this dreadful cycle of images revolved, there recurred constantly in it scraps remembered from his reading, like the refrain of folk-songs, meaningless itself, yet somehow capturing the emotion which disengages itself from the whole. Aristotle, courteous, critical, and final, passed before him. "Maimed for virtue," he repeated, glancing at the youth half-asleep on the deck-chair. Propertius, anæmic, narrow-chested, moved among the shadows, with weak lips murmuring his ghastly distich :

> Let me sin out my soul. Leave me alone.
> Fate ever meant me to be lying prone !

And with less hideous hopelessness, yet not less fatal, came from France, *Il est trop tard pour renouer ma vie.*

This extraordinary collapse had been consummated in one week, but crowned the long ethical and at last physical undermining of three years. Here in the quiet country he spent nearly all his time in a sleep, full always of the pictures of his day-dream, and it was difficult to say whether the absolute silence and monotony were doing his organism more good, or the fixed thought more harm. Still, Hugh thought it a triumph when he at last persuaded Arthur to join him in a short daily game of racquets, followed by a dip in the tiny lake he had built at the bottom of the grounds. Arthur seemed braced by the shock which Hugh had at first feared would be excessive ; his mind burrowed, once more, below the surface of phenomena ; he was no longer as one that cared for none of these things.

One morning, indeed, he stopped abruptly in the middle of a game.

"Say what you will, Hugh," he exclaimed, "your doctrine of Hell makes the whole thing unintelligible."

Should he argue? wondered Hugh. Should he risk the

excitement which was bound to attend even the invaluable return to life which discussion would imply in Arthur?

"It's a mystery," he said, compromising.

"That's a convenient word," said Arthur. "It's not the cruelty, and so on, that I stumble at, of course. Mercy and infinite reward are to me equally intolerable of course, logically, with condemnation. But the eternalization of a negative! That's it! Don't you see that all your desire for unification is simply laughed at? Never a perfect globe; always that chaotic gap at the bottom. How do you get over thoughts like that?"

"I don't," said Hugh, serving vigorously; "I crawl under them." Arthur startled himself by laughing. The thought of Hugh crawling was really quite nice, quite suggestive. By an ill-considèred impulse he went that night to the Roman Catholic priest and asked to be received. Anxious to find out what he had to work on, the priest asked Arthur if he believed in God. Suddenly scared, he answered that he really didn't know.

"That's not what I wanted," he said. "I want something tremendously strong, to save me. If I could start believing by myself, I could save myself by myself."

"But you can't be received," said the priest, smiling, "if you don't believe in anything."

"My dear sir," said Arthur, rather testily, "if there's a source of strength, it's in religion. If I'm to do anything, I must be given the religion to help me. Faith is an act; I *can't* produce it by myself. If you possess strength, put it into me, and then I'll begin to do things. Besides, I must surely *be* a Christian long before I *know* I'm one. Before one realizes one's living, life must be worked into every bit of one's organism. And yet, even when one *is* quite healthy, does one ever give a thought to health? Would that be true of soul-health? more you're soul-whole, less you think about soul? Does one wonder about one's own reality? or notice it? Why, directly one begins to wonder, one also begins to doubt. Anyhow, as for a higher reality of supernatural life, well, my dear sir, certainly my intellect can't be aware of it now; simply because I don't possess it. If I manage to begin living it somehow, then possibly I may believe it in time."

"But this is surely rather muddled," began the other.

"Look here," said Arthur. "I can't evolve life by spontaneous generation. You say the sacraments and so on are channels to the source of life. If I can't get at 'em, so much the worse for me. Sorry for it. Good-night."

But as he went home, he realized with some excitement that this was very different from his mind's state a week before. Then he would have been as ready to say that he didn't know whether he believed—it seemed quite likely that he did—he would have admitted too the enormous import of an answer to the great question, and its possible adequacy; but the whole would have left him as cold and uninterested as the most complete answer concerning the habits, for instance, of the South Pacific shell-fish. He had heard of a man, who, confessing Hell and his sin, had died quite placidly, unrepentant, with that prospect before him. He had been like that. Now, he was at least excited.

"There must be something in me," said he, out loud, startling the woman at the lodge, "which believes. *I* don't believe. But I believe *it* does. Why do I *want* the sacraments? I'm quite sure I can't be saved, body or soul, except by that religion. But how give it a chance if I can't belong to it? But if I've got to swear first that I believe in it, I'm done. Unless the bit of me that believes is healthy and central enough to force all the rest of the unbelieving stuff out through my pores, the rotten mess!"

But then the reaction. "But how do I *know* it's rotten?" he asked. "Because I've tested it," came the answer. "But it's not the theory, the idea that's bad," he railed at his soul, "it's I who am bad to start with; I've no right to test. I *make* it rotten." The other men he had known and liked, the thing had succeeded with them! Liked, yes; but had he really honoured them? That was less sure. Anyhow, they seemed to have made the affair work to their own satisfaction. Why with him had it been a derisive tragedy? Well, if the theory's outcome *were* tragedy, why *not* fling it, failure unexplained, aside? Why *not* the folly of the Cross? And yet, directive intellect once gone, to what could you trust? Of the myriad branching paths other than the old one, which had proved failure, who should suggest the right? Emotion? but that differed in individuals, in phases of one individual's physical history even. Authority? but how choose among the claimants? By weighing credentials? by wisely judging worth? But one only sought it because intellect had confessed its bankruptcy; its impotence to judge, to evaluate. By experience? But how test its effects in life, since one could not be admitted to *make trial* of it, to take it on approval? And the exclusion was right. If one needed to have Communion in order to know that "here" was God, yet, without knowing

that first, real Communion seemed impossible. This was the nadir. No sort of life meant anything but madness. He stormed at the great Facts, known so terribly by their effects upon his tortured soul, yet in themselves to him at least unintelligible, in their claims tyrannical; why were they savaging him like this? What had he to do with them? And the temptation came back with frightful force to blaspheme the power that was striving to make him confess guilt, guilt now and in the past, though inquire of himself as he would, he could find no answer to the question when exactly the first guilt had come, when exactly the leap in the dark of faith ought first to have been taken. This being unanswerable, regress and maintenance of position equally impossible, what then remained but the herd, and the steep place, and an eternal suicide?

Hugh, terrified by one passionate outbreak, put the climax to what was thought by many his quixotic unselfishness by making Arthur, ashamed, and resisting, spend with himself and Jean at his mother's villa near Florence the weeks almost immediately following their marriage. For both this house was full of interest, though neither had actually stayed there, for it had first come into the family through Lady Trenacre's Italian mother, great-grandmother of both of them. It was Jean who had herself suggested to Hugh that Arthur should join them there, and after that space of very natural reluctance, he had thrown himself into the plan.

At first it answered admirably. The autumn heat suited Arthur. He gained flesh and tone. His activity increased, and his power of enjoyment. From its hill the house could look right across Florence, with its towers and dusky domes, to Fiesole's white shaft upon the mountains; and it was less than a mile's walk, by steep paths between vineyards, to the walls which crowded the Roman side of the city down towards the river. With Hugh and Jean, Arthur made long expeditions through this country aglow with the opulent colouring of autumn; ruddy purple, and sombre gold, and olive made all the landscape glorious; and, after it all, the eye came continually back to where, among the black stone palaces, and the uncompromising towers of tawny brick that stand through Tuscany, the Duomo, all of marble, white, with flushed or blue-green shadowings, floated like a cloud.

But one day there was an incident.

Behind the villa, after a very wide space of flower-garden, the grounds fell rapidly into a little valley, the further side of

which was ridged with the circuit wall. Here the colouring was extraordinarily dim. Little sunlight came there, and all the nearer slope, save for a wide avenue descending in the midst, was laid out in good Tuscan style with narrow paths winding between huge hedges of holm-oak and of box, tunnelling through them, making a maze of cross-tracks. Statues stood at the corners, grey with green patches of lichen ; and sudden alcoves, smooth-clipped in the evergreen, contained stone seats. The avenue, flanked equally with statues, led to a kind of circus of evergreen and stone, which formed the further side, and in the midst of which a large fountain lay with sleeping waters. The unexpected finding of the key which worked the jets, long disused, brought Arthur again and again to the place. Lolling on the stone seats that curved to right and left and above him, he would watch for an hour at a time the white sheaf of foam spouting upwards against the grey-green shadows, rushing high, hesitating, sluicing down over the naked limbs of the bronze nymphs and of Neptune in the midst : wide sprays shot outwards, too, from their foot ; and transverse columns of water leapt from the basin's corners, hissing, whistling almost in the incredibly rapid motion. It was, perhaps, this sudden breaking of the bronze into force and energy ; the sharp line of the pipes abruptly passing into white and moving mystery ; the cloud of spray dancing, it seemed, in mid-space above the marble ; the entrancing life and variation of the curves, wreathing themselves before his eyes into the divinest of geometrical caprices which so attracted Arthur. Always a curious mixture of free life and of the artificial had fascinated him. He had loved, on a starry night, watched from a lawn, to be flung back upon man's doings by the sight of a yellow gas-flame, caught, between the trees, from the straight road. The very stripes left by the cutting-machine across the sunlit grass, pleased him. He could enjoy the affectations of hotel-life even in the Alps ; the sight of correct evening dress, of concert-placards, of semicircles of green and red electric lamps, with the wide snow and the peaks behind, gave him a peculiar and pleasurable thrill. Lately, no doubt, the artificial had come more and more to crowd out the natural. Plush, and glittering gilt and glass, a proscenium, all the equipment of a London evening, this before now had swept him off his reason ; music, thrumming in syncopated time, poignant with Wagnerian chromatics, had made him believe, for the moment, just what the orchestra chose. And trivial as was the circumstance, the garden and the

fountain carried him dangerously backwards. He liked it all too much with the wrong side of himself. Trees; but in odd, stiff shapes. Winding paths, but carefully hand-smoothed, and with alcoves cunningly disposed from sight. Rank grass and creepers; but stone benches rigid amongst them. And in the midst, life, dancing, foaming, exuberant; but forced through certain figures, regulated in a minute geometry of curves from the outset. It was like the strange society, not three half-centuries before, that had paced those paths, with high-heeled shoes tapping the gravel; fans flirting among the leaves; fresh complexions set off with beauty-patches. And behind it all, the frank animality of the pagan statues; the fundamental life of riot frozen into a rigidity that deluded no one, and only till there should be none to see.

Arthur, when one evening he realized all this, and how his surroundings were ruining the convalescence so well begun, made a decisive effort. And yet how the action proved the dilapidation of his state! He sprang up, ran to the fountain-key, turned off the waters and flung the key into the basin. That evening, against the gloomy background the jets had been rushing upwards like white ghosts; and now, cut off abruptly at the base, the water fell vanishing back upon the surface with the smacking sound peculiar to fountains suddenly checked; the lighter cloud of spray followed in a moment, rustling upon the ripples and sinking with them, once again, through a moment of tremulous unrest, into the stillness of waters that are asleep. For a moment, horror-struck at the havoc he had worked, at the death of the great white fountain, and with it of the whole garden—mere leaves and stone now, unpeopled even by phantoms—Arthur stood at gaze: then he put his head down and walked quickly towards the house.

From its open windows he could hear Jean's music. It was the Peer Gynt suite, and across his mood broke, happily for him, the delicate Solvejg's song, the melody etherealized still more by its journey through the air. How like Peer Gynt he had been, he reflected dully; the feckless Norwegian yokel, suddenly resolved upon self-realization, to "be himself," sacrificing all to the narrowest impulse of egoism. He had failed, indeed, sooner, and more wretchedly. Even in the attempt, had his gods been better than the unwholesome mountain-trolls, who had wanted to slit Peer's eyes, that the vile might always seem to him the highest? Was he less coarse than that boor? Anyhow, he reflected, haughty, disgusted, he had not

the coarse vitality of the man ; the anxiety to break records, to have adventures, to be king somewhere at any rate, if only in the desert, if only of commerce. He would have collapsed, tired out, long before success. The bare thought of that fatigue sapped his pride ; it crumbled inwards ; hopelessness swung him back once more to the old apathy. Just then Jean began Solvejg's Wiegenlied. And Arthur saw before him the closing scene of the sad play ; Peer, the frightened, sinful traveller, come back in defeated old age, and finding there among the still pines and snows the old woman who had waited out her spring for her faithless lover. And when he bowed his white head on her knees, her cradle-song had rocked him into the new childhood of a forgiven life, birth into which was the death of that old unreal existence of which he had made so hopeless a confusion. Ibsen was more right than ever he intended, thought Arthur, if as some said, the dramatist would later have denied the truth of that last scene ; have asserted that the man who had wrecked his life must save it wholly by himself, or not at all ; nor look for help in prayers or sacrifices or love of any not himself. But Solvejg's life had been enough for herself and him ; there had been in her a communion ; through which he had found salvation. "If that is so," said Arthur, "and I know it's true, I *must* reach a communion somehow! Something *must* give me life, start me living. I've got nothing but death in me, that's clear enough." And kneeling down, by a sudden inspiration he kissed the earth, as though that at least were God's handiwork, and through it he might get God. . . . "God," he said, "put Yourself into me. I'm all crumbling into dust ; I'm more dust than this stuff here I'm kneeling on. Be in me like a gum that catches up every fleck and then sets solid . . . " and his prayer grew absurd to the ears of all save the God who had never really left Arthur's heart, and who had left to it no possibility of peace as long as it strove to tear itself from the love which destined it for its own.

Stumbling towards the house, Arthur saw that he must exercise his will in a new way. The august vision that he believed himself to have had, of old, would not be given anew, he felt sure, easily. The supreme communion at the heart of Catholicism would not be his until he had practised himself long at life upon the mysterious, wholly unfelt Communion, that God must guarantee, outside of the accredited vehicles and sacraments. Gradually he would believe fully. Already, as

St. Augustine long ago had taught, he "saw himself to be seeing" what, without this getting outside himself, he could not say he saw. Years ago, "self" had seen clearly what intellect *alone* could not distinguish: indeed, the eye of naked intellect fixed upon that blaze had grown dazzled, almost blinded; and then had been scared worse by the scorching iron of sin. Now, like the flicker of summer lightning, the elusive perception kept trembling and retreating before him, that it might be possible, be duty, to seize what positive knowledge or experience one might; cling to verified, if fragmentary, truth, nor try to correlate it. Presumably, beneath the mist, the peering peaks, sun-golden, must join in solid rock. Here one stood firm, and *there* showed solid foothold. Was it not the soul's privilege that she could lèap hence thither, mindless of the vapour-filled gulf? Coherency? Need more than coherency in practical success be exacted? Even at this crisis he smiled, as among the images racing through his brain he recognized one of Hugh, shaking his head, with the well-known frown of puzzlement admonishing him, how that "more than mere value-sanction was needed . . . that might do for Corpus—but for you and me, Arthur. . . ." He smiled, and shook off the picture: no; for himself, now, experience and conscience would content him; and quickly checking the almost irresistible craving to philosophize, he returned bravely to the will to reach Communion, Communion first in the species of his fellow-men; his friends; holy people; the poor; children. In them, he might find God and himself. After all, in them God Himself made His love-feast. They were "God's grain," he remembered; *God's honey*, as St. Augustine was great again in having said.

Entering the dim Italian drawing-room, the homely sight of Jean seated at the piano quieted him yet further: Hugh was turning the pages for her, blocking for Arthur the candle-flame that made golden mist round Jean's slight figure. They turned and smiled as their cousin entered. Quite recently they had talked of visiting Lourdes; but Arthur had refused to accompany them. Sooner than leave him alone at the villa they had abandoned their design.

Now he approached them, and said:

"I'd like to change my mind about Lourdes, old boy."

Hugh declared they should start at once.

JAN DE GEOLLAC.

"*The Woman of Babylon.*"

SEVEN years ago a novel by the Rev. Joseph Hocking, entitled *The Scarlet Woman*, was the subject of an article in this Review. That article was reprinted in January, 1906, as a Catholic Truth Society pamphlet, on the occasion of the beginning in the *Quiver* of a new work of fiction by the same author, the name of which stands at the head of this paper. The new story was greeted, on the appearance of its first chapters, with the approval of Lady Wimborne, who thought it "likely to have a very useful influence in arousing people to see the insidious manner in which Roman Catholics effect an entry into English home-life;" the Rev. F. B. Meyer referred to it as a "timely story;" and now that it is completed, Dr. Clifford, the protagonist of the new Education Bill, bestows upon it the full measure of his approval. The publishers, Messrs. Cassell, advertise it as "of the highest value in revealing, as it does, the present condition of convent life;" the *Christian World*, whose review is headed "Romish Sapping and Mining," sees in it "the clear demonstration of the putting into practice of the Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means," and congratulates Mr. Hocking on having "collected facts from authoritative sources;" and Mr. S. J. Abbott, in a leaflet issued without name of printer or publisher, styles it "one of the most conscientious, powerful, and heart-stirring of modern stories concerning convents, and the deep and far-reaching plots and schemes of the Jesuits."

Mr. Abbott is perhaps not an impartial witness, for Mr. Hocking acknowledges his "indebtedness" to him "for much valuable information." Those who wish to estimate the value of this information can easily do so by referring to this Review for March, 1899, where they will find an article—subsequently reprinted as a Catholic Truth Society pamphlet—on Mr. Abbott and his "Convent Enquiry Society," a body of which it is impossible to obtain a balance-sheet. Mr. Hocking's own claims to be accepted as a veracious historian can be ascertained at length from the pamphlet on *The Scarlet Woman*, where it will be

seen that, by his own testimony, he was guilty of a series of "terminological inexactitudes"—*e.g.*, the "men of the highest position in the Catholic Church in Ireland," resolved themselves into three Jesuits and "a parish priest," some few miles from a place which he *thinks* was called "Killalloo" (*sic*). This attempted justification and the answer of the Editor of THE MONTH are appended to the pamphlet.

I propose to give, as briefly as possible, an account of this latest collection of calumnies against the Catholic Church, which Dr. Clifford strongly "commends for its scrupulous accuracy and complete restraint," and has taken, "and will take, every opportunity of commending to the young people of this country." It is of importance that we should know something of the unscrupulous falsehoods which are put in circulation with the approval of leading Nonconformists and such Anglicans as Lady Wimborne;[1] which are put forward as "of the highest value" by a respectable firm of publishers; and which are commended by the Protestant press and by other organs.[2] It is only by such knowledge that we can gauge the combined ignorance and malevolence which are arrayed against us; without this it would seem incredible that there could exist authors who could write and publishers who could issue such preposterous nonsense, and readers who—*pace* Dr. Clifford and Lady Wimborne—could accept it as gospel. That stories of this kind really prevent folk from becoming Catholics I do not believe; but they undoubtedly help to maintain the spirit of prejudice which, more than anything else, is at the bottom of Protestant bigotry.

Walter Raymond, a struggling solicitor, was anxious to complete the education of his daughter Joyce, aged eighteen. In a *Catholic Times*, left apparently by accident, but really at Jesuit instigation,[3] in his office, he saw an advertisement of the "School of St. Mary the Martyr," Bruges, the terms of which seemed within his means. A Catholic friend assured his wife that children sent there "had not ceased to be Protestants," and

[1] It is with surprise and regret that I note that so well-known an Anglican as Prebendary Webb-Peploe, having read the opening chapters, bids God-speed to Mr. Hocking's efforts most heartily, and thanks him for exposing these dangers to the people of England. (*Quiver*, April, 1906, p. 528.)

[2] *E.g.*, "The narrative Mr. Hocking here unfolds, by its ample statement of facts and the general impression it conveys that the author has made himself thoroughly sure of his ground, represents a vast amount of arduous labour." (*Daily Express*, October 9, 1906.)

[3] P. 31.

Father Brandon, who had lived in Bruges, came to see the Raymonds about it. He "was a well-dressed, well-fed looking man of about forty years of age; he looked as cheerful and light-hearted as a boy, and his round, clean-shaven cheeks fairly shone,"[1] but for all that he was a Jesuit, "an ultramontane Catholic of the deepest dye,"[2] and "a sacerdotalist of the strictest order,"[3] and his air of *bonhomie* was doubtless part of the disguise. Father Brandon, who was one of the governors of the school,[4] assured them that "not a word was said to Protestant children about religion," and Joyce went. Meanwhile, Mrs. Raymond began to attend Catholic services, and Father Brandon, having explained to her that at the Reformation, "although the Holy Father was very kind, he was obliged to excommunicate this (English) branch of the Church," told her to come to confession, but demurred to her mentioning it to her husband. "So Mrs. Raymond was received into the Roman Catholic Communion, while many of that faith smiled to each other as they spoke of the progress their religion was making in a heretic country."[5]

Then Father Brandon began to inquire into Raymond's antecedents, and sent Father Kelly "down to his old home to hunt out everything." Father Kelly did not see the need of it, "because now that Mrs. Raymond has become a Catholic you can ask her what you like, and she will tell you;" but Father Brandon sent Father Kelly off in "a suit of tweeds and a bowler,"[6]—"neither of us," he said, "was trained as a Jesuit for nothing"—and Father Kelly on his return reported all about Raymond's wealthy father, who had turned his son adrift when he married. The Raymonds were married by licence in a Nonconformist chapel by "a young fellow who had just come out of an Independent college; he had not even gone through the mockery of a Nonconformist ordination; the registrar was there to make the thing legal." Father Brandon had "assumed they would be married by some Episcopal minister; . . . we regard such as valid though not lawful."[7] He therefore conveyed to Mrs. Raymond the idea that they "were never properly married," and as Walter declines to allow him to repeat the ceremony, she refused marital relations.

I digress here to point out that the densest ignorance as to the Sacraments of Baptism and Marriage prevails in Nonconformist circles. In July last, the Rev. F. B. Meyer—one of the

[1] P. 15. [2] P. 41. [3] P. 43. [4] P. 111. [5] P. 25. [6] P. 26. [7] P. 30.

leading Nonconformist ministers of London—denounced as the promoter of "Popish doctrine," an Anglican deaconess who went about among the people of a village he had visited saying that marriages not performed in the Church of England are not valid; that the children of such marriages are illegitimate; and that the children who had not been christened in church cannot be saved. On reading the report of this in the *Tribune*,[1] I ventured to point out that this was not, as it was there styled, "Popish doctrine," and I sent a copy to Mr. Meyer, suggesting that he should withdraw the imputation. It is needless to say that he did nothing of the kind, but in his letter to me he wrote this remarkable sentence: "Surely it is of the essence of Roman Catholicism to teach that children are regenerated by Sacraments, and that Sacraments are invalid apart from the priest!" At the same time, a personal friend holding a high position in the Presbyterian Church, a man of scientific attainments, wrote to me:

> I was much astonished at your letter in the *Tribune* about the Catholic doctrine as to marriage and baptism. I think you are clearly wrong. Catholics look on these as sacraments: sacraments must be administered by duly ordained priests: the only duly ordained priests are those of the Roman Catholic Church. So then these sacraments are invalid and worthless when administered by Anglicans who claim to be priests, and by ministers of Reformed Churches.

This is interesting, incidentally, as an example of the Protestant axiom—acted upon if not expressed in words—that Protestants know far better than Catholics what the latter believe; which is as though one should accept a French caricature as representing the average Englishman, and ignore every portrait painted by our own countrymen.

There is no need to point out to Catholic readers the absurdity of the position taken up and developed at length by Mr. Hocking, but as THE MONTH may come into other hands, it may be well to state briefly the Catholic doctrine concerning matrimony. (1) Wherever there is a legitimate matrimonial contract between two persons, there is a true marriage, and if they are baptized it is a sacrament. (2) The minister of the sacrament is not the priest, but the man for the woman, the woman for the man. (3) The priest, if present, is but a witness: in regions where the decrees of the Council of Trent are pro-

[1] The report in the *Tribune* is not in these words, which, Mr. Meyer informs me, represent more accurately what he said.

mulgated, the parish priest is a necessary witness, *i.e.*, without his presence the contract is not legitimate, but he is only a witness. (4) In lands like our own, where the decrees of Trent have not been promulgated, any contract which binds the parties for life constitutes marriage and confers the sacrament, whether entered into before priest, parson, registrar, dissenting minister, or "a young fellow just out of an Independent college." The Church, in fact, accepts Scotch marriages, where all adjuncts are reduced to a minimum. There could thus be no question of any repetition, unless there were some doubt as to the genuine nature of the consent of one or both parties to their original contract, when this would have to be renewed: there is no suggestion as to such doubt in the case of the Raymonds, and the whole house of cards falls to the ground.[1] I now take up the thread of the narrative.

Mrs. Raymond, a feeble character at best, becomes a thorough-paced liar as soon as she enters the Church. She receives visits from Father Brandon unknown to her husband, and denies that she has received them; teaches the children prayers "about the Virgin Mary and the saints," and has them secretly baptized. Meanwhile there appears upon the scene Ned Harrington, "*the* Harrington,"[2] a barrister friend of Raymond, "a militant Protestant," who "saw what Brandon was aiming at," for he knew the ways of the Jesuits, having "a brother who is a Jesuit priest." This priest

> was an impressionable boy—very imaginative, and impressed by the mysterious. Hurrell Froude over again! They got hold of him: he has been under their influence for eight years—first as a novice, then as one who took the vows. . . . He was transparent as a running brook, as easy to read as a child's school-book. As a youth he was quite an expert in legendary lore. He might have been a poet. . . . He's no longer frank and transparent. He tries to appear so, but you can see the effect. He boasts of his frankness and outspokenness, while all the time you know he has something at the back of his mind which he's trying to hide from you.[3]

Father Brandon began to find things beyond him, so he wrote "a long letter" to Father Anthony Ritzoom, of the

[1] The Catholic teaching, both as to Baptism and Matrimony, is set forth in a Catholic Truth Society leaflet, *Who are the Ministers of the Sacraments?* which will be found useful for distribution in Nonconformist circles.

[2] P. 297.

[3] P. 57.

"Convent of St. Joseph of Arimathæa," Dublin, who replied somewhat abruptly:

> I will be with you as soon as possible, meanwhile do nothing.
> (Signed) A. Ritzoom.

Ritzoom, who will be familiar to readers of *The Scarlet Woman* and *The Purple Robe* as the principal villain of those works, has not improved with the advance of years. He was "oft-times brusque, almost to the point of rudeness, to members of his Order,"[1] as might indeed be gathered from the letter just cited, and soon put Father Brandon in his place. The latter had just decided to write again, having waited three weeks for Ritzoom's arrival, when on opening his study-door, he "started back aghast" to find Ritzoom there, who said:

> "You see, there is no need for you to write again."
> "But how did you know I meant to write?"
> "I know you, Brandon. I knew you as a novice, and I can measure to a nicety the length to which your patience will go and the steps you are likely to take. Besides, I am a believer in mental telepathy."[2]

Ritzoom, "impassive, sardonic, grim, self-contained, mysterious, possessing a hundred secrets, the framer of so many far-reaching plans,"[3] was something like a Jesuit! "He had lifted himself high in the councils of the Jesuit Order;" "some said that the General of the Order was afraid" of him; others, that he "held even the General in awe;"[4] "he was the cleverest man in the Order,"[5] as well as "the most cautious,"[6] and "the cleverest schemer;"[7] he had even been "approached that he might be persuaded ostensibly to guide the wheels of the Order," but "would shake his head" when this was suggested, probably remembering that "although others were technically far higher in the councils of the Order than he was, it was he who in reality ruled them;"[8] he was "a man who stopped at nothing."[9] His physical peculiarities were striking and characteristic: "it was just as difficult to tell his age as ever—he might be a man of sixty or he might be only forty;" he "could easily pass for forty or forty-five,"[10] which reminds one of the plaintiff in *Trial by Jury;* he "impressed you with his air of mystery, as one who delighted to deal in secret things; the square jaw and black eyes told of indomitable will, told of a man who could never be beaten,"[11] and were thus guilty of

[1] P. 59. [2] P. 62. [3] *Ibid.* [4] P. 122. [5] P. 157. [6] P. 31.
[7] P. 187. [8] P. 64. [9] Pp. 159, 295. [10] P. 62. [11] P. 63.

falsehood, for beaten he was. He had an "unspeakable face,"[1] "like the face of the sphinx,"[2] "a mocking smile,"[3] and "mysterious, dark, deep-set impenetrable eyes."[4] He "appears in a score of unpriestly disguises; that is to say, you may find him in a yachting suit one day, in riding breeches another, in flannels another,"[5] or "in the garb of an ordinary layman,"[6] or "in strictly clerical attire, looking like some well-to-do rector of a rich country parish."[7] He had "a suite of rooms at the Cosmopolitan," did not "fast overmuch" ("dispensations are wonderful arrangements, they save a lot of trouble"[8]), smoked cigars (*passim*), and dined at "fashionable restaurants."[9] It is needless to say that he was "faithful to the old Jesuit axiom that the end justifies the means,"[10] and his character is summed up as that of "a man who absorbs information, but never imparts any; and who knows everything, without being known to any but those who are acquainted with the inner circles of Jesuitism."[11] With all these qualifications, it is not wonderful that "he often said that had he lived in the time of Henry VIII. there would have been no dissolution of monasteries, and that had he had the position of Father Parsons he would never have allowed Philip of Spain to be concerned in the miserable fiasco of the Great Armada."[12] It is this paragon of Jesuitry, whose only defect is that "he never made speeches for the Catholic Truth Society,"[13] who abandons the governing of his superiors and the Convent of St. Joseph of Arimathæa, Dublin, to devote himself to the fortunes of a small family of the lower middle class!

But of course he has a deep and thoroughly Jesuitical motive. Old Raymond is a millionaire. He has broken with his son, Walter, on account of the latter's marriage, which he disapproved. He is a Protestant of the purest water, and may presumably be induced to devote his vast wealth to whatever seems best calculated to serve the Protestant cause. If he can be got to believe that his grand-daughter, Joyce, is an uncompromising Protestant, staunch in her faith despite all efforts to pervert her, he will probably leave her his fortune. If she can be made not only a Catholic but a nun, she will, as a matter of course, sign away her inheritance, and the old miser's millions will go to furnish the sinews of war of which the Church is sorely in need.

[1] P. 122. [2] P. 284. [3] *Ibid.* [4] Pp. 122, 255. [5] P. 159. [6] P. 64. [7] P. 170. [8] *Ibid.* [9] P. 250. [10] P. 159. [11] *Ibid.* [12] P. 74. [13] P. 184.

Such is the audacious stroke conceived by the Napoleonic genius of Father Ritzoom, and he proceeds forthwith to its execution. Joyce, on various plausible and mendacious pretexts, is kept abroad, and away from her father's influence, till she has actually been made a Catholic. When, however, she at length comes home, grave danger at once threatens the whole scheme, for not only is she deeply and sincerely attached to her father, but she falls in love with Harrington, who is indeed the good genius ordained to thwart the machinations of Ritzoom. To him she is actually engaged.

But the Jesuit is not easily thwarted. With the connivance of her weak and fanatic mother, he breaks down the poor girl's spirit, induces her to leave home secretly, and has her carried off to a remote convent in the provinces, where she is entered as a postulant for the religious life. This gives Mr. Hocking an opportunity for what is evidently a main purpose of his book, in his treatment of which it is easy to detect the practised hand of his auxiliary, Mr. Abbott. Catholic convents, we are told, are so iniquitously favoured by our legislators, that they can defy law and justice with impunity: "children can be born and people can die in these places, and the outside world be no wiser." In this particular instance, Joyce's father and lover utterly fail for some three years to discover her whereabouts, though leaving no stone unturned. Ritzoom, insidiously feigning sympathy with their distress, puts them on various false scents, actually inducing Harrington on one occasion to go on a wild-goose chase to the south of France. Meanwhile, he and others are constantly at work crushing the poor victim and reducing her to a proper state of pliability. She is assured that her father has ordered that she shall never more darken his threshold, and that Harrington has found consolation in another bride, the daughter of a wealthy brewer. Finally, another inmate of the convent dying, the old doctor, a pompous, unsuspecting Protestant, is deceived as to her identity, and she is buried as Joyce Raymond, whose demise is announced in the public papers.

Meanwhile, Joyce has been "clothed," has made her profession as a nun, and, all unknown to herself, has become her grandfather's legatee. How Ritzoom managed to bring this about he himself explains to his colleague Brandon.

First, there was a danger lest he should know what had become of the girl. Of course I saw to it that from time to time he should receive

copies of that Protestant rag with a high-sounding title but no circulation which stated that, in spite of home influences, she had remained firm to her Protestant convictions. That shows the benefit of being represented in every kind of periodical. It helps in ways unknown to the world. The old fool who edits the *Protestant on the Beacon*[1] has not the slightest idea that one of his contributors is a faithful servant of the Church, and so he proudly announced that the grand-daughter of Walter Raymond, Esq., who had for so many years supported the Protestant cause, refused to follow the example of the rest of the family and become a Catholic. Of course I saw to it that marked copies of this thing were sent to the old man. It pleased his vanity and made him more and more kindly disposed towards the girl. I saw to it, too, that at Protestant meetings, and on other occasions he was approached by faithful members of his creed, and that these guided him in the way he should go. Then of course great care had to be taken in bringing influence to bear upon him when he was making his will. . . . Then again there was the other difficulty. Suppose he had died six months ago. The girl then wanted six months of being legally of age. . . . As it happens, before the will can be made known she will be twenty-one. . . .

Old Walter Raymond will be buried on the 15th of July, and his grand-daughter comes of age that very day. . . . On the day following she will sign a paper giving all her possessions to the Church. This paper shall be duly attested. There shall not be a loop hole anywhere.

It is needless to trace the whole story of the dark intrigues which lead to the final transformation scene wherein with startling rapidity the Protestant party triumph, and the ill-omened figure of the Jesuit makes his lurid exit "a beaten man," though through the magnanimous forbearance of his antagonists he is allowed to escape the criminal prosecution which he had so richly earned. It will be sufficient to cite the *denouement*, commencing with the dramatic scene wherein Joyce at the last moment, suddenly recovering her common sense, refuses to sign the precious document which was to transfer her unsuspected wealth to the ecclesiastical harpies who had

[1] This reference to the *Protestant on the Beacon*, and the further information on p. 290 "that it is run by old General Gray, and sent out to people he happens to know" and has "only a few hundreds of circulation," seems to point so unmistakably to *Protestants on Guard*, run by Colonel Whale and distributed by him, that it seems only kind to call his attention to the passage. Probably his friend "Belsher," who "has written to Protestant papers and has strongly deprecated the influx of monastic orders into the country . . . a hack journalist, who poses as Protestant and still is a tool of Ritzoom," is equally capable of identification: can the Secretary of the Protestant Press Agency throw any light upon the matter? It was General Gray, "influenced by Ritzoom's creatures, who posed as Protestants," who induced old Raymond to leave his money to Joyce. (P. 299.)

so adroitly quested it. She would not, she declared, sign what she had not read. Whereupon Ritzoom cried:

> "In the name of the Almighty! In the name of the Holy Virgin! By His holy cross and passion, and by virtue of your vow of holy obedience, I command you to sign these papers. Whatever you have, whatever you are, you have made a holocaust to the Church—body, mind, soul, you owe all to the Church. . . . Remember the Church's power; remember the doom of the disobedient, the unfaithful virgin! . . . You who have vowed holy obedience to God, dare to disobey God! Think of the awful doom which will follow!"

Then she was sent back to her cell, and

> presently a priest entered. He was very suave, very insinuating. He scarcely referred to what had taken place, but for the good of her soul he inflicted certain penances. Fasting, bodily flagellations, prayers.

After a second interview with Ritzoom

> some one brought her a bowl of some kind of gruel. She ate it mechanically, then, after she had eaten, a feeling of drowsiness came over her, then she fell asleep.
>
> Meanwhile Ritzoom sat alone with the Mother Superior. They talked together for more than two hours, quietly, earnestly. The woman's eyes were large with terror; oft times she started to her feet and looked around the apartment as though she dreaded that their conversation was heard. . . . "You understand, Reverend Mother?" he said at length. "Yes, I understand," she replied. Her voice was husky; her face, even her lips, were ashy pale.[1]

Ritzoom then gave orders for Joyce's speedy removal "to another convent, to a place which is more healthy," adding: "I will arrange for everything—elsewhere;" and

> some hours later a conveyance came to the convent doors, and a woman who appeared to be weak and ill, was carefully lifted out and placed in the carriage.

But Ritzoom had reckoned without Harrington, who with Raymond turns up in the nick of time, having checkmated some final stratagems of the enemy, and rescues the distressed damsel while his attendants pinion the Jesuit, who has to recognize that the game is up. In less than a page Joyce marries Harrington, the other children throw off "the yoke of the priest," and Mrs. Raymond "goes away into quietness" (with an allowance) to pray for her husband's conversion. The

[1] P. 342.

conclusion is so hurried as to be almost incoherent; and we are left in ignorance of many things—*e.g.*, of who was buried instead of Joyce. Did space allow, indeed, the book affords ample ground for criticism from the point of view of literature. Mr. Hocking's own grammar is not above suspicion, and it is surprising to find an educated man like Father Brandon saying, "Who will you grieve?"[1]

This then is the story which Dr. Clifford, Honorary D.D. of Bates University, U.S.A., commends "for its scrupulous accuracy and complete restraint." It is a fair sample of the pabulum which is advertised by its publishers as "revealing the present position of convent life," and guaranteed by the Nonconformist paper of largest circulation to contain "facts collected from authoritative sources." Making the fullest allowance for prejudice and ignorance, is it possible that these folk know what they are saying? Do they think that Mr. Hocking was present at the *tête-à-tête* between Father Ritzoom and Father Kelly? that he was behind the door when Ritzoom arranged with the Reverend Mother for the "removal" of Joyce? that he overheard the various discussions as to Joyce's signing away her property? Ignorance in itself is no crime, but it is difficult to acquit of culpability a man who sets up as a teacher without having taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the rudiments of his science. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Hocking is as competent to instruct his readers upon Catholic matters as would be a teacher of arithmetic who had never mastered the multiplication table. The parallel, indeed, is closer than might appear, for if he had mastered the Penny Catechism, he could not have fallen into the ridiculous blunders which permeate this and his former books.[2] A child in a Catholic poor-school would be able to instruct Mr. Hocking upon Catholic faith and practice; the "man in the street," if he happened to be a Catholic, could tell him what is the ordinary life of a Jesuit, but he clings to the old Protestant traditions,

[1] P. 143.

[2] "I did not see you at Mass this morning," said the priest.

"Did you expect me?" she asked timidly.

"Of course," was the reply.

"The sacraments of the Church are for the sustenance and guidance of her children," said the priest. "You are now one of the Church's children."

At this Mrs. Raymond's overtaxed nerves gave way, and she began to cry. (p. 34.)

There seems little doubt from this that Mr. Hocking regards Mass as identical with Holy Communion.

and reinforces them by "much valuable information" from Mr. S. J. Abbott, who may be congratulated on having obtained at one and the same time a circulation of his wares in a form somewhat more reputable than that in which they are usually presented, and a gratuitous advertisement from a respectable firm of publishers.

Such a picture of the Catholic Church as Mr. Hocking paints does but help to swell the list of those which time out of mind have been the stock-in-trade of artists of his school, and by means of which the prejudices of Englishmen are assiduously nurtured. As Cardinal Newman put it more than half a century ago, to allow the Church to be seen as she is would be fatal to her rivals.

> Therefore get rid of her at all hazards: tread her down, gag her, dress her like a felon, starve her, bruise her features, if you would keep up your mumbo-jumbo in its pride of place. By no means give her fair play; you dare not. . . . Blacken her; make her Cinderella in the ashes; do not hear a word she says. Do not look on her, but daub her in your own way; keep up the good old sign-post representation of her. Let her be a lion rampant, a griffin, a wivern, or a salamander. She shall be red or black; she shall be always absurd, always imbecile, always malicious, always tyrannical. She shall be always worsted in the warfare with Protestantism; ever unhorsed and disarmed, ever running away, ever prostrated, ever smashed and pounded, ever dying, ever dead; and the only wonder is that she has to be killed so often, and the life so often to be trodden out of her, and her priests and doctors to be so often put down, and her monks and nuns to be exposed so often, and such vast sums to be subscribed by Protestants; and such great societies to be kept up, and such millions of tracts to be written, and such persecuting Acts to be passed in Parliament, in order thoroughly, and once for all, and for the very last time, and for ever and ever, to annihilate her once more.

Accordingly, as help to the work on which Dr. Clifford and his friends have set their heart, of depriving Catholic parents of their rights in the education of their children, this preposterous and ignorant caricature is to be scattered broadcast amongst old and young, and the minds of our countrymen yet further poisoned against the faith of their forefathers.

JAMES BRITTEN.

Lois.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MODERNS.

KATEY STUART'S "riches" did not bring in their train laziness or luxuriousness. Katey's views as to enjoyment practically resolved themselves into giving Lois all the freedom possible for choosing her work, and all the comfort possible in doing it; taking her to hear the best music, and to see the best plays; making her feel that she was absolutely her own mistress; and doing as much work as she could herself at Hugh Carson's Institute at the East End.

She bought a little cottage among the Surrey hills, fitted it up in a simple way, installed a pensioner and his wife as caretakers and renderers of such service as should be needed; and hoped that after a while, a good deal of Lois's writing would be done there. Lois was now beginning to write with a force all the more vigorous for its temporary repression, and the great things she had been gathering up during the time of her careful and loving study of literature were ennobling as well as enriching her work.

But for a time the London flat was a greater centre of interest than the country cottage; though many tired folk had a day or two's rest at that cottage at the week-ends. Somehow, Katey and Lois seemed to prefer their Sundays in town.

Lois had begun writing the kind of stories she had spoken of to Professor Barclay; the kind she had told him would be what might have gone into verse. They did not go into poetical prose, but into a beautiful and stately rhythm, the prose of a poet.

They did not all reflect what was coming upon her, even spiritual crippledom. Perhaps, because she frequently attained to live apart from that in her art-life—I do not know. But from some of them there fell, as it were, shadows of vagueness, if not of negation. Some thought these shadows cool and restful to linger in; but others felt the lack of that sunshine which feeds

and colours, even as it vitalizes: the sunlight of Faith. And Lois was, after all those years, getting an audience, and not an audience of Cliquedom.

The people whom Lois and Katey saw most of were for the greater number, workers; some of them workers whose enthusiasm of humanity, whose passion of rescue would have put to shame many and many a Catholic, tepid-souled, lukewarm among the faithful. And if their enthusiasm went only to the efforts for delivering their brethren from the oppression of wrong social conditions, from the sordidness of daily work ground down to the merest struggle for existence; if they left out the spiritual; if to them belief in a God of love and a God of mercy was but a vain thing to preach to wretched ones under the heel of a false system; if the daily bread they sought in their sacred fervour and holy pity to give was not the antitype with the type, but the type only; yet they were of those who blindly or seeingly fight for the help of the helpless; fight in the army of the Great Captain whom they know not.

A certain Bohemianism about them? Yes. Those who judged them with the judgment of charity would say: "Well, if women, young, fair, good, felt that the use of tobacco was a seal of their right to share in the world's work, why, underneath that little ugliness there lay a big beauty; and the ugliness might one day disappear, and the beauty stand out more clear to see."

But to Lois it meant a certain amount of suffering to see women crossing the room large-gaited, and receiving or bestowing the attention of a light for a cigarette, or even a cigar. They teased her a little about her old-world thought; and one evening, at a house where they often met, and which had been playfully named Heresy Hall, two or three friends who had more than once invited her to join in this, laughingly insisted on making her smoke.

"It won't make you ill, Miss Moore; it's very mild."

But she rose, saying, "You must never, never ask me to do this. Everyone is at liberty here, and you must let me have my liberty too." She had tried to laugh, but there was a slightly strained tone in her voice.

One of the ladies addressed some one who had only a few minutes ago come in. "Oh, Mr. Comyn! You look as relieved as if you had been Sister Anne when she sighted the delivering brothers!"

"You should have seen Mr. Comyn's look, as he watched you, Miss Moore," laughed an older lady, throwing the end of her cigarette into the fireplace.

Lois's face was crimsoned.

Ralph Comyn made some light remark, and then came over to her. "Forgive my having let my face express my feelings, Miss Moore."

"You don't like to see women smoke?" she said, sitting down again, as he had seemed to expect her to do, for his hand was on a chair as if to move it nearer to her. He moved it and sat down, saying:

"I have clearly put myself in a false situation, Miss Moore. Will you let me explain?"

"Certainly."

"I should not have dreamed of implying, by look or manner, any criticism of you, who are a stranger to me, but——" he hesitated.

"No? But you looked, as Miss Leeper said, 'relieved'; I could not help seeing it. And I can understand men disliking it, especially if they are a little fastidious."

"You don't understand, Miss Moore; pardon me for saying so. I should not look critically at anything a stranger did. But, you see, I think I ought to tell you——"

"Oh, please don't feel that you ought to tell me anything that gives you pain!"

"Thank you. Miss Moore, you are like some one with whom I associate all that perfection of womanliness which is just as active a thing as manliness, and as necessary to our ideal of women as manliness is to our ideal of men. And I could as soon picture her with a cigarette between her lips as I could picture any of those whom painters represent with the nimbus of sainthood. So you have to forgive me, and remember I am punished too by feeling as if I were treading in the footsteps of the prig."

"There is nothing to forgive!" said Lois. "I can see that you must have been glad that I did not do it. I hope I shall never do it. I dislike it so much. But of course I don't want to condemn any one. It seems to suit some people better than others. I'm one of the others."

How Lois had wished, and still wished, that Katey would not smoke!

She had a good deal of talk with Mr. Comyn, drifting into

the questions of faith and unfaith in their bearing on the conduct of life. He was quite certain that, apart from all creeds, in the surrender of all belief in the supernatural, there was a sure basis of morality, and that none need for a moment suppose that non-belief need, or ought to bring in its train the shaking of the foundations of right and wrong.

"Beliefs are only transient: right and wrong belong to an eternal code, written in the hearts of men. *Honour* is really enough, as we see very often, to keep people straight. Apart from religion there must be a fundamental basis of action. If all religious systems were swept away, there must still remain the everlasting code of morality. It would still be seen that it is *best* to be pure, just, and unselfish. The things commanded or forbidden by religion are commanded or forbidden because they are right or wrong: they are not right or wrong because they are commanded or forbidden. Those things remain right or wrong if all religion be swept away, and with it the supposed warrant for their affirmation or negation. Religion warrants only. But men should do right from their own knowledge merely, without any *warrant* at all from outside. Take, for instance, Marcus Aurelius. Surely he was independent of revealed religion, and surely there was never a nobler moralist than he."

A man was listening to what Ralph was saying, listening as one listens to what one is familiar with the hearing of. When he stopped the stranger waited, as if expecting Lois to reply. She was silent.

"May I join in the discussion?" he said, "if discussion it be."

"It would not go by so grave a name," said Comyn. "We all interchange our little views here, do we not, Miss Moore?"

"I believe so. Some one has called this house, 'Heresy Hall.'"

"May I say," said the stranger, "with regard to what you say about honour, that codes of honour differ, and often widely. For instance, 'wounded honour' commanded not so long ago in England, and to this day commands in other countries, that an attempt at murder be made: that is what duelling means, is it not? Again, honour is irretrievably lost in cheating at cards: honour is unwounded if a friend's trust is betrayed, and his wife's love is won, it being the sufferer who has lost his honour. Yet is the one deserving of a sterner judgment than the other?

"Codes of morality vary. Take, for instance, the principle of revenge. Not even after nineteen hundred years has the so-called Christian world fully done away with this, which is obviously a relic of non-Christian days.

"In the most celebrated as well as best known of the plays of the greatest English poet, to avenge his father's death is the sacred duty laid on the son—the father whose spirit is represented as emerging from the purgatorial fires, wherein he had entered 'unhouselled, disappointed, unannealed' with the passionate desire that his death should be avenged; and the son accepts the duty and is ready to carry out the injunction, even to the pitiless cutting off in sin of him whom he spares because of the contrition that would save from damnation.

"And, by the way, it is interesting to note how the Russian novelist, who detests his Church and would fain have people come out of her, can see no difference between the 'wild justice' of revenge, and that of judicial punishment. Look at the Corsican 'vendetta,' too."

"Yet Corsicans are not only nominal Christians, but Catholics," said Ralph Comyn.

"We often find Christianity imperfectly assimilated, even among Catholics:" said the stranger; "race and old tradition have great power, though I deny that they have the greatest. And we have infinite witness to the power of Christianity to make men rise above this."

"And Shakespere was a Christian, probably a Catholic," said Ralph Comyn.

"Perhaps; not proven, as to his being a Catholic, I mean. But," went on the stranger, "if such things exist in the teeth of prohibition enforced by the Highest Example, what if there were no prohibition as witness to the law of Heaven? What if there were no Example?"

"Then you think," said Lois, "that you cannot have pure morality without religion?"

"I have no doubt whatever that religion and morality go hand in hand; that, as a man believes, so will he do. Wherever a low type of religion has prevailed, has there not been a low type of morality? Marcus Aurelius, yes! He had shaken himself free from the religion that prevailed. But what did his religion mean? Was it not self-centred, teaching him to look on things around with the eyes of philosophy, not the eyes of love or even of indignation? Your great philosopher, your high

moralist, could sit in the amphitheatre and see a man dropped into the embrace of a bear for the pleasure of an embruted populace, and care nothing."

"My dear sir!" said Comyn, "have you forgotten that for some time after Christianity had been made the Roman State-religion, the gladiatorial shows went on?"

"I have not forgotten it: again, it was imperfectly assimilated religion: but neither must we forget that a man was found ready to give up his life that an end might be put to this horror:—and that after St. Telemachus was martyred, there was never again a show of the kind.

"If you take a pagan of the very highest type, possessing the highest culture—and I suppose Marcus Aurelius was that—and compare him with one who without culture, except the culture that Christianity inevitably gives, but living in absolute obedience to the Christian law—if you take the life of each, apart from natural gifts, but as the product of his belief, I think there can be no doubt whatever as to the evident superiority of the one over the other. And you can find numbers of people in whom grace—forgive my using a theological term—has triumphed even over a poor and mean nature as well as permeated and thousandfolded the gifts of a rich and noble one. You must have a religion that includes all; and up whose heights all may climb; some higher, but all climbers."

"May I leave you in Miss Moore's hands?" said Comyn. "I have to keep an engagement, which I have run close upon breaking. I must just say good-bye to Mrs. Penfold."

"Will you tell me this?" said Lois, when Comyn was gone. "Why do Catholics, who profess to hold Truth on the authority of the Church, and Protestants, who profess to hold Truth on the authority of what they understand of the Bible, not leaven the world with perfect holiness?"

"The last part of your query first. The world is leavened, thank God, with the leaven of the Saints, those who have lived here, and those who are now living here. For the first—I do not say 'as a man professes to believe, so he will do,' but as a man believes—that is, holds his Faith, not professes to hold it. If the teaching of the Church be accepted with a living belief, it must produce right action. It is because it is imperfectly accepted, or accepted only outside, that we see wrong-doing abound."

"You are a Roman Catholic, Mr.——?"

"My name is Rhys," he said in answer to the unspoken query—to the spoken one, he said, "Yes, I am a Catholic."

"But you would acknowledge, would you not, that men and women who have put aside formal religion are often found leading beautiful and devoted lives?"

"Certainly. But how far are they not still under the Spirit that abides; the Spirit sent down to the Church of God? And how much are we to attribute to the fact that the atmosphere they were brought up in was, at least to some extent, a Christian one; and that they are still within the influence of the Christianity which they reject or contemn? What about two or three generations hence? generations without any 'formal religion.' What moral standard would there be then?"

"And now," he added, after a pause, "I feel that I have been running the risk of making myself an unmitigated bore—but it seemed as if I could not help speaking."

"You are not boring me. But I wish you would tell me, if I am not taking too great a liberty in asking the question, why you came to our Heresy Hall; you who are strong in faith? Did you want to help us, to convert us?"

"'Us?' Then you have cast in your lot with rejectors of faith?"

"I think so—I fear it must be so."

"Years ago, Miss Moore, I read a poem of yours in *Ross's Magazine*, and it is hard to think that the woman who wrote that should lose faith."

"I don't know that I have ever had real faith," said Lois. Something in this man's atmosphere insensibly drew out this confession. "I was brought up by people who had, and I took things for granted—and now they are going from me."

"Ah, that is sad. Miss Moore, do not let things drift! Pray, pray for light—not for peace, but for light. Surely, surely, you who wrote 'A Son of the Morning," *must* come to the Light. You cannot keep away! But, forgive me, I am a stranger. To answer your question—I came here to learn something of the atmosphere in which a dear friend of dear friends of mine is breathing—I shall see them in a day or two before I leave England, and I promised them I would do this."

"Then you are leaving England?"

"Yes, I am going to Louvain for theological study. I, too, have known my time of doubt, and though I never formally

separated myself from the Church, it meant practically self-excommunication, and delayed for years the fulfilment of my dead mother's dearest wish—that I should enter the priesthood."

"And now it will be fulfilled?"

"As I trust."

"I am glad for you," said Lois, "and glad for her, too."

"Thank you—and I am glad that you, at least, believe in the Communion of Saints."

"I do not know that I do—but I see my friend signalling to me. Good-bye."

She held out her hand. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye. I wish for you—light."

"Thank you."

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE MIXTURE OF A LIE WITH TRUTH.

LOIS continued going to the Institute; and still there was a strange sense that, somehow, she had been robbed—yet she would ask herself, how can one be robbed of what one has never really possessed? But it—whatever it was—or in what relation soever she had stood to it—was being, as it seemed, proved worthless, and shown to be fit only for the flinging away. And why should one hug the worthless? Better the empty room than the glitter of unreality to adorn it; better despise the mean things than hold them as noble and worthful.

There was truth in much that Comyn and others said. Unmixed falsehood is not hard to expose; but the mixture of a lie with truth—that which Bacon says doth ever add pleasure, the pleasure that we know to breed future pain great and dreadful, that mixture is hard to show up! The soul's sight, sharpened, made eagle-quick by the touch of the Finger of God's Right Hand—the *Digitus Paternae dexterae* may indeed discern the fallacy, may know the lie, and shudder at its pretence; and yet there may be the inability to show it to others, separated and apart from the truth with which it has been united.

It was illogical of Lois to feel resentment against Ralph Comyn because through him had come to her a certain crystallization, as it were, of doubt. Yet she did feel it, however blindly and indefinitely, though she went to hear him,

and had occasional talks with him at Heresy Hall and otherwhere. But though she felt this resentment, she would not have given up hearing him. Katey silently guessed why.

Lois and Katey were abroad for a few weeks in the spring following, and when they went to the A.S.I.S. on the Sunday after their return, they found that a strange lecturer was there. Some one told them afterwards it had been announced a month ago that Mr. Comyn would not speak; that "he had been obliged unavoidably to cancel all his engagements."

"And here we were," said the lady, "poor shepherdless sheep, who had to listen to someone with a broad Cockney accent, and infirm in the *aitches*. This man has a decent accent, but he hasn't much to say, and you can see how the audience has dwindled. He's very poor, I believe, and has a wife and large family. He writes for the *Free Thought Evangelist*, and a lot of papers that are very skinny in their payments. I wish Mr. Comyn would come back. What an essentially interesting face he has!"

Another lady took up the tale. "There are all sorts of reports about Mr. Comyn—at least there were for a few days. It was said he had married the daughter of an American Bishop; that he had gone to Australia."

"You're talking of Comyn?" said a gentleman. "It's said, you know, that he's in retreat somewhere, preparatory to founding a New Ethical Sodality."

"Sodality? What's that?"

"Society under a less well-known name."

"Oh! But I thought it was only Roman Catholics and Ritualists that went into retreat?"

"Well, retirement, quiet, anything you like.

> He broods upon his silent heart
> As on her nest the dove,

as our grandmothers used to sing. He'll emerge with Thor's hammer in his hand—excuse the change of metaphor—and come down on superstition."

"He has not left Christianity a leg to stand on. But wait a bit."

And they waited, indeed, whether they would or not, but not for very long.

One morning each member of the Society received a

lithographed circular letter, in a closed envelope, bearing the post-mark of Louvain. It ran thus:

Dear Sir, or Madam,

As you are a member of the Society before which I was accustomed to speak on Sundays during three years, I beg of you to allow me this opportunity of telling you my reason for withdrawing from that Society, as well as of apologizing for the manner of that withdrawal. As you are aware, I also cancelled all engagements to speak in London on the subject of Ideals of Service; engagements which you, in common with other members of the A.S.I.S. had honoured me by wishing me to make.

My reason is that I have been obliged—I can use no other expression—to give up my position of unfaith. I am now a member of the Church founded by Jesus Christ on the Rock which has withstood the shaking of the tempest and the beating of the rain from age to age, *because* Jesus Christ did found His Church upon it.

I ask you to have patience with me in my attempt to express to you my very deep grief, my very sorrowful shame, my most sincere penitence, for all that I have said against Him whom, with all powers of body, mind, and spirit, I desire to serve for whatever space of life remains to me. If words of mine have raised doubts in your mind as to the Eternal Reality; if words of mine have increased such doubts; if words of mine have given the last blow to any true belief, as I have spoken them with the deliberate intention of their doing; I can only say, as I would to one whose life I had endangered, perhaps even almost destroyed, *forgive me.* Grant me that forgiveness which I shall never cease to implore from God, before whom I must ever pray that the evil I have done, that evil which never can be undone, may in some way of His be turned to His glory; be used for His ends. But my guilt is more than great.

Most faithfully yours,
RALPH COMYN.

Louvain, May 31st, 18—.

"The man's mad!"

"Disgusting!"

"To think of Comyn being bagged by the Jesuits!"

"What a whining, puling letter!"

"What a fool! Why couldn't he have let the thing alone?"

Suggestion (*Soprano*): "He might have announced himself to preach, and got us together, and tried to convert us! Such a lovely opportunity of bringing our poor, lost, sin-stained souls into the Fold!"

Baritone: " No! no! He wouldn't do that sort of stagey thing. If he had brought us together on false pretences, I, for one, should have walked out."

Other Comments: " I think the note manly and straightforward, and I really don't see anything whining or puling in it. One must give the Old Gentleman himself his dues."

" Even if we have done away with him."

" Figure of speech, figure of speech——"

Ralph Comyn a Catholic! Ralph Comyn, who had pronounced the Church to be the arch-enemy of freedom, and the great logical crushing-machine! He had never stood forward as the champion of Protestantism, by which he understood individual eclecticism. To him there was no logical standing-place between The Church and No Church : between *Credo* and *Nego.* His method had not been, as a rule, the attacking of any special form—or non-form—of religious thought and worship. He had desired to preach freedom, rational inquiry ; wished and striven to encourage and stimulate in the search for truth.

" No dogma." But by degrees his hearers had found themselves formulating. The human mind cannot possibly escape from dogma, any more than it can remain content with negation : affirmation, in some shape or other, it is bound to insist on if it has any vitality, and wills to have any power of growth. And when Ralph preached war against sectarianism, war against narrowness, war against limitation, the logical outcome was, to many of his hearers, something very different from what he had ever dreamt of ; something, the revelation of which, when it came to him, as it did some time after this, brought to him yet more intensely than before the agony of shame and the passion of penance.

Lois and Katey read the letter together. To Lois it was a shock inexpressible. It seemed to her as if everything were reduced to the merest shifting show. To believe—to unbelieve—to re-believe with all the weight of the clearest-cut, most sharply-defined dogmas laid upon the soul. To know nothing ; to believe *all!*

She did not know either, that with that letter a hope—no, not a hope—as it were the reflection of a hope, as of a star in a pool—had passed away. She only knew that life was different. But Katey understood.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A.S.I.S.

HUGH CARSON had often called for Lois and Katey to walk with them to the A.S.I.S., and in the evening of Sunday he would call to ask if they cared to go to the East End Institute which he and some others had founded "on undenominational principles." An Institute it was where you could have instruction in all branches of secular learning for a nominal sum; an Institute where you practised those virtues which had come to be ideals of conduct to you from the atmosphere you had breathed as a nominal Christian, and whose source you calmly ignored or even denied; an Institute where you might learn to use your voice aright; an Institute where you might learn the principles of art and the greatness of the work that artists have wrought; where you might, at set times, see their work for yourselves, and learn the meaning of it, sometimes truly, sometimes with that terrible inadequacy of interpretation which is often more deadly than falsehood gross and deliberate; as when in the case of a copy of one of the great world-pictures of a great Catholic artist, a picture that, but for his Faith, would never have been, a presentment of the Incarnate Son in the arms of His Mother; the illuminating note in the catalogue was to the effect that *in this picture we see the highest beauty of motherhood.*

"I am so glad I know how to teach!" said Katey. "It is so nice to think that what I can do for these dear folk I can do properly, and that I am really giving the same quality of work as if it were salaried."

"Do you remember," said Lois, "how our old landlady once offered us tickets for a concert, telling us it was only an *amäter* affair, and she did not care to go herself!"

"Yes, it was funny. But there is plenty of the *amäter* element about. And you'll never get the best for poor people, until those who want to help them realize that voluntary work should be done as well and as regularly as paid work. Some of our voluntary workers at the Institute think themselves quite at liberty to telegraph and say they can't come, just an hour or two before the class begins. It's disgusting!"

"Yes," said Lois.

"I don't believe you heard what I was saying," said Katey.

"Oh, yes, I did, Katey. I was thinking whether it might not be a good thing if I were to give a literature lesson weekly at your place."

"Oh, how good! It would be just lovely! I'll arrange it at once."

So Lois went week after week, and often accompanied Katey in her visits to some of those who were being taught the gospel of culture. They came upon things which did not seem to be touched by that gospel; things which Katey was sorry for, but took as part of the disappointment that must, in one shape or another, in one degree or another, accompany all efforts at improvement; things that took hold of Lois mentally and physically, gripping her with a terrible grip, which hurt her with a great hurting and grievous. And this emotional strain, along with really hard work, for the lessons she gave carried with them much of her nerve-force, began to tell on her, and she found that writing was sometimes more than difficult. An hour or two at her desk left her exhausted, and the run for a few minutes in the garden, instead of refreshing her, as it used to do, left her panting and tired, so that she had to force herself to do what she used to do with ease.

One evening, Katey, coming home full of interest and delight in what had been doing "up there," found Lois white-lipped and with tired eyes, trying to write: an effort that ended in tears unaccountable, when Katey said: "Lois, what's the matter?"

"Katey, I don't know. I'm an idiot. I seem as if I couldn't work."

"Oh, Lois, my darling, I have been so wrong!" She was holding Lois in her arms, Lois very quiet now. "I have been so wrong. You are not fit for this sort of life. You must sing, or speak. You can tell about what you learn from Hugh, and me, and others. It is not your business to do what we do. Lois, my beautiful lady, your life ought to be a bright one, a happy one. And it shall be, if I can make it so. I have been terribly selfish, just rushing to do what interested me, and dragging you into it. You must live on the surface of these things, and let us dive down for you, and bring you up materials, and you can write, and write, and make people *see*. We can give you material enough, if you want to write of these East End people and their life. I wouldn't give it to everyone; but I know you won't use flesh-and-blood as mere 'copy.' You

care, Lois, and you can speak. I can't speak, but I would if I could."

But when Lois was alone she wept: and her tears were as of purpose broken, and aim unfulfilled.

CHAPTER XXXV.

NAY, OR YEA?

THE time passed on quickly enough. Katey was happy, and hoped that Lois was also, though she knew that her life had been wounded. But she saw that Lois was knowing the great relief, the great comfort, of finding expression in the form she had desired to find it in; for she was writing poetry in the limited sense, as well as in the wider one. And now she seemed to care more to spend several days at a time at the Surrey cottage, and took long walks, or made acquaintances among the poorer people. That was quite different, she felt, from seeking them out in the East End. She loved the one, and shrank, with an inexpressibly shuddering horror, from the other; this horror which at first she reproached herself bitterly for feeling. But she came to think, at least to a great extent, how one cannot fight unconquered against the limitations of one's nature; and how work in the least line of resistance, may, after all, be as good as work accomplished after effort mighty and painful.

Some, too, were saying, and some were preaching strongly that the truth of life lay in self-development, not in sacrifice; that no individual life ought to be swept along in a flood. All sorts of doctrines and theories Lois had heard put forward; little bits of truth often, set out as the truth: precisely the sort of thing, the setters-out of it raged against when they thought they found it under the banner of anything like a church (*the* Church being to their thought unconceived of, if not inconceivable).

But Lois was unhappy, if not actively, at least negatively. The atmosphere in which Katey delighted to breathe was an ill one for her friend; and for Katey it was all the worse that she did not feel the unhealth of it, which might have led to her coming out of it. Lois felt, too, that there was something among her acquaintances undefinedly—

what?—wrong?—but what was wrong? Must not all be free to think out life for themselves, and then act upon their thought? Must they not arrive at the standard and live by it? or live by no standard at all, just follow the promptings of nature?

She had heard much in speech and in discussion and in lecture, and it made in her mind a spiritual patchwork—"their witness did not agree."

She had heard people urged to take all that was good and noble from every source whatever. They were not to suppose that only those by prominence or popularity called great teachers, such as Buddha, and Confucius, and Moses, and Christ, and Mohammed, founders of religions more or less suited to certain races in certain times, had bestowed on the world some part of the treasure of truth: for truth was in every man in a greater or less degree, and the highest teaching, for instance, of Jesus, in the Sermon on the Mount, was simply the gathered up or the edited wisdom of generations. He, by the force of genius or insight, put a large interpretation on commands positive or negative, and while He widened the ethical outlook, He showed too, that the spiritual sight could so be made stronger and keener, that the fearless ones who were not afraid to see might sweep horizons, vaster and vaster yet, from age to age. And the need of guidance should by and by cease, for all should be seers; shapers of their own conduct; and from fair-shapen conduct would arise the law for all generations; the law that could not but be obeyed. It might be long and long before then: only we must remember that every effort of self-conquest, or of rescue for the oppressed, or of bringing beauty into ordinary life, would hasten it on.

And what then? What for the souls who had struggled? Were they never to know any result of their struggle? No; they must be content to have struggled. For there was no individual immortality; only a glorious immortality of influence, of which all and every one might have the earnest even before the quiet surrender of the body, worn-out, as it might be, or still in the beauty of manhood or womanhood, to be part of the universal material whence new and fair forms should be fashioned day by day, age by age: to be "made one with nature."

What is this betwixt God and you, Lois? "What am I?" A straw on the great current of time? or, as the little children

and the child-hearted know, one made by God "to love Him and serve Him and to be happy with Him for ever"?

"Oh, dismal creed, sorrowful belief," do you say? What matter if dismal or sorrowful, if it be true? No care for you, for me, for the countless ones who have travelled from birth to death, a journey short or long, with nature or environment gay, glorious, noble, sordid, terrible; and travel, and shall travel, on that road until the landmark time be removed for ever? Only a blind force, making not for justice but for—what? Who knows?

Or—One who so loved the world that He must heal it, and yet not heal it against its will?

Others were raging against limitations; *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die* being the kernel of their thought, though they would not perhaps have accepted this for its expression. Let us have all that we can; let us develop self to the fullest extent; every power; every sense. What madness has set up the ideal of sacrifice? What insanity has made a God of One crucified? O world, that for hundreds of years hast accepted the thought that the way to a crown is by a cross, and hast struggled to win that crown, or given up the struggle under the ban of the just ones, fling away that thought. Take thine ease: eat, drink, be merry! Nay, put it not in ugly words like these. Take the joy that lies at the heart of the world; the joy which teaching like this has done its best to kill. Take the loveliness of form and colour; that loveliness which the Greek knew well to be the highest thing, and for which the Christian has substituted the ideal of self-mutilation for body and soul. Take the natural and free development of all that is in thy nature; that free development which thou hadst learned to fear in the face of the morbid passion for sacrifice. Take the inextinguishable laughter of the gods instead of the weeping of Jesus.

O world, O men of God's love, know you not how that love embraces all good, and how one day this shall everywhere be known? Know you not that there is neither Jew nor Greek with Him—neither one gift only nor another; not the truth of His unity alone, nor the truth of His infinite beauty—the[1] beauty so ancient, the beauty so new that "so many of us love all too late;" that in Jesus are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; all the treasures of justice and love? some of these

[1] St. Augustine.

treasures poured for us into human vessels that can hold but little, an earnest of the illimitable content of illimitable plenitude that is in Him. For there is no craving of our nature that He cannot satisfy, no void that He cannot fill.

And the sorrow of the world is upon Him: as the sin was upon Him that made Him taste of the pain not of death alone but of Hell itself—the Hell that is *separation from God*—when under the load of it He cried that cry that "went up echoless," *My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*

He delays, and we are impatient: His chariot wheels tarry, and we cannot hear them, and we know not that the cloud we see is the dust they raise. But with Him a thousand years are even as a day.

EMILY HICKEY.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

"Circumstances alter Cases."

IN the sadly-misnamed *Literary Guide* for December, the Rationalist Review, which, whatever other merits it may or may not possess, has certainly nothing to do with literature,—Mr. Joseph McCabe pours the vials of his scorn upon all and sundry who venture to say that the doctrine of evolution as proclaimed by his great master, Professor Haeckel, and by himself, is not yet demonstrated, that in fact we know at present far too little to indulge in dogmatic statements concerning a process as to all the particulars of which the most ardent evolutionists are hopelessly at variance.

Two points in Mr. McCabe's mode of argumentation are specially interesting. When scientific men are quoted against him, he evidently considers it a full and sufficient reply to say that they are *dead.* Thus we are told of the "pale shades" of Balfour Stewart and Newton, and of "sixteen dead—very dead—scientists, and Gabriel Stokes," whom an opponent had quoted against him. The assumption is, apparently, that as soon as the breath is out of his body a man of science ceases to count, and his opinions become a negligeable quantity. But this principle, it is evident, must be allowed to cut only one way. We are never reminded that Darwin is dead, or Huxley, or Tyndall, or any other of the great Agnostics upon whom Mr. McCabe and his rationalist friends set so much store. And yet, is it not evident that what is sauce for the goose must equally be sauce for the gander?

Moreover, Mr. McCabe is stern in his demand that no one shall have, or at least express, an opinion as to Haeckel's philosophy who is not what he calls a "scientist." Seelberg, Paulsen, and Loofs, for instance, are brushed aside on the ground that they are "not scientists at all," and Driesch, as "by no means a leading scientist." But, this being so, what about Mr. McCabe? Is he a "scientist"? In what branch has he won his spurs? Is there any of which he possesses any expert knowledge? Did not a reviewer in *Nature* cruelly

observe that in translating Haeckel he was manifestly hampered by having not the least idea what his author was talking about? Yet he does not at all feel himself debarred on that account from assuming a very magisterial position in regard of science —undertaking to answer Haeckel's critics, sneering at Balfour Stewart for upholding the indissoluble atom—as did all men of science a very short time since—and at Lord Kelvin for presuming to express his belief in God. But when he indulges in such performances we naturally ask ourselves what he is doing in that galley.

Jesuitism in the School and in the Navy.

In the early days after the migration of the old College of St. Omers to Stonyhurst, a rule existed that during certain hours of recreation the boys were to talk French, and the practice was enforced by what Father Gerard, in his *Centenary Record*, describes "as a somewhat odious institution called the *signum*." The *modus operandi* was as follows. "Any boy found talking English at a forbidden time and so becoming liable to punishment, had a sort of ticket given him, which, unless got rid of, entailed the payment of his penalty. He could, however, pass it to any other whom he found offending in like manner, and he again to a third, the final possessor making atonement for the sins of all." We remember once hearing a censor of Jesuit methods of education expatiate with much eloquence upon the lowering of the moral tone likely to result among schoolboys from such an institution. He drew a vivid picture of the holder of the *signum*, himself shunned by all, sneaking around among the groups of his companions, his ears on the alert to catch some confidential whisper not intended for him, or else lying in wait in dark corners, where his presence would not be suspected, in order to spring out upon his victims. Even worse than this, the *signum*, it was contended, must have offered a continual temptation to bear false witness where real evidence was lacking; while it would have been an occasion of endless quarrels among friends, and an ever-ready means of paying off old scores for those who were spiteful and malicious. In fine, said the critic, not without some show of reason, the seeking to save one's own skin at the expense of another's trouble was the worst of moral lessons. It was as mean and unprincipled as it was utterly un-English. The memory of this conversation came back to us forcibly the

other day when we chanced to be looking through a recently published history of Sherborne School. Sherborne, it might be thought, is English of the English, an institution which in some sense dates back to St. Aldhelm at the beginning of the eighth century, and has always been exceptionally sheltered from innovating influences. However, as a school, its organization was entirely remodelled under the strictest Protestant auspices in the middle of the seventeenth century, and it was one of the constitutions which were drawn up and apparently first enforced at that period, which caught our eye the other day in turning over the pages of Mr. Wildman's interesting volume. Summarizing this code of statutes, Mr. Wildman writes as follows:

Clause xxiv.—Boys in the Upper School are to speak nothing but Latin in school and also out of school, wherever they shall meet, under pain of the severest correction.

Clause xxv. provides a most curious device for carrying out Clause xxiv.; there shall be, it says, "a CUSTOS (which shall be a place [*i.e.*, office] of reproach and subject to greater punishment for smaller faults than others) to observe those that shall speak in English to their felowes and to acquaint the master; by which meanes hee shall be released from that office, which is to be undertaken by the accused with suche other punishment as the master shall thinke fitt to inflicte. And hee shall continue in that place of disgrace till hee shall finde another in the same fault, whoe is to be dealt withall as before expressed."[1]

On the substantial identity of this device with the Stonyhurst *signum* of a hundred years ago it cannot be needful to insist. But stranger still, we meet an exactly similar practice at a considerably earlier date—not this time among the terrorized urchins of an English grammar-school, but among the sturdy Jack tars of a British ship in the days of Elizabeth. Sir Richard Hawkins, the son of the still more famous Sir John, and himself one of the English commanders against the Spanish Armada, set out in 1593 on a voyage of discovery or piracy which was to have taken him round the world. Of this voyage he afterwards wrote an account in which, among other interesting matters, he chronicles the following:

We had no small cause to give God thankes and prayer for our deliverance; and so, all our ships once come together, wee magnified His glorious name for His mercie towards us, and tooke an occasion hereby to banish swearing out of our shippes, which amongst the common sort of mariners and sea-faring men is too ordinarily abused. So with

[1] Wildman, *A Short History of Sherborne*, 1902, p. 95.

a generall consent of all our company, it was ordayned that in every ship there should be a palmer or ferula, which should be in the keeping of him who was taken with an oath, and that he who had the palmer should give to every other that he tooke swearing, in the palm of the hand, a palmada with it, and the ferula. And whosoever at the time of evening, or morning prayer, was found to have the palmer, should have three blows given him by the captaine or master; and that he should be still bound to free himselfe, by taking another, or else to runne in danger of continuing the penalties; which executed, a few dayes reformed the vice; so that in three days together, was not one oath heard to be sworne. This brought both ferulas and swearing out of use.[1]

The extract speaks for itself, and needs no comment, though one must not overlook the important circumstance that the plan was executed by common consent. We might, however, be tempted to give from the same record an account of how Hawkins' sailors found agreeable relief from the monotony of the voyage in the diversion of catching sharks. It would be interesting reading for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and also for those who cherish the belief that the perpetration of cruelty for cruelty's sake has always been the monopoly of Spaniards and foreigners. But our lady readers would hardly thank us, and we prefer to quote one other passage from the Sherborne statutes. It throws an interesting sidelight upon the English educational methods of the seventeenth century.

Clause xxvi. ordains that there shall be private scrutiny twice every year, on the Wednesday before Palm Sunday, and on the Wednesday before All Saints' day, or in a day or two of these times, in the manner following. "The Warden of the Schoole, with three others of the Governors of the saide Schoole, shall call before them in the Library the Master Usher and the schollars of the four highest formes, severally and apart; from whom they shall receive private informacion from every one of all offences either against the orders of the Schoole or other misdemeanours committed by the Master Usher or schollars in relation to the Schoole, which offences so communicated to the Warden and Governours shall be exhibited to the whole assembly of the Governours of the Schoole to be judged according to the meritt of the offences being against them."[2]

Whatever may be said for the Præpostorial system, such a practice as is here described does not seem to us likely to lead to good results. H. T.

[1] *Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins in his voyage into the South Sea*, A.D. 1593. Hakluyt Society, vol. lvii. 1878, p. 147.

[2] P. 95.

Reviews.

I.—THE PAPAL COMMISSION AND THE PENTATEUCH.[1]

IN *The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch* we have a pair of letters recently interchanged between Professor Charles Briggs, of New York, and Baron Friedrich von Hügel. It was occasioned by the most recent deliverance of the Biblical Commission, on the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, regret for which is expressed by the American writer from the point of view of a non-Catholic sympathetically disposed towards the Catholic Church, and anxious that it may become a centre of reunion round which the Protestant Churches can gather; and by the Catholic writer from the point of view of one sharing entirely his friend's convictions on the critical question, and anxious to impress upon the Biblical Commission the mistakes he considers them to be making. The letters are of interest as stating compendiously what two students who have paid some attention to the details, linguistic and otherwise, regard as irresistible proofs of the modern view. For ourselves, we are by no means insensible to the weight of many of the critical arguments, but our chief criticism, which refers primarily to the Catholic writer, is that his letter is in no wise helpful. Professor Briggs has gathered from "the very highest authority" at Rome that "a reasonable amount of liberty would be given to Biblical criticism, so long as its results did not conflict with the established dogmas of the Church." Quite so, but then the question about which the Holy See, and consequently the Biblical Commission, are solicitous is just this: Does the theory of non-Mosaic authorship, in the form which the followers of Wellhausen and Kuenen give it, conflict with the dogma of Inspiration as contained in the unbroken tradition of the Church, and enunciated by the Councils of

[1] *The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch.* By the Rev. Charles A. Briggs and Baron Friedrich von Hügel. London: Longmans, Green and Co.

L'Authenticité Mosaique du Pentateuche. Par Eugène Mangénot. Paris: Letouzey.

Trent and the Vatican? To assume that there is no difficulty whatever in giving the negative answer to this question straight off, and that it is only withheld because of the unintelligent conservatism of the theologians, would be an absurdity of which no one with any solid knowledge of the history of Catholic doctrine could be capable. There are considerable difficulties to be overcome, but if the writer of the second letters, or any one else, can indicate a really satisfactory way of overcoming them, is there any doubt but that the Holy See, speaking either through the Biblical Commission or some still more authoritative organ, would show itself not only willing but delighted to leave the critical question, within those ampler limits, over to the unimpeded discussions of the critics? It is a task of this species that has been recently approached by one or two theological writers to whom Baron von Hügel refers, and it is because he does not himself contribute anything in that department that we find this volume to be not helpful—not helpful, that is, if the object is, as it clearly is, not to undermine but to sustain the claims of the Catholic Church to the adherence of mankind. For to expect her supreme authority to abandon aught of the deposit of doctrine entrusted to her by her Founder would be to expect her to violate a fundamental law of her being, and the experience of centuries has taught the world how likely she is to do that.

In *L'Authenticité Mosaique du Pentateuche*, by M. Eugène Mangénot, we have from the pen of a Professor of the Institut Catholique de Paris, who is himself a member of the Biblical Commission, a little volume which is intended as a commentary on the late decision regarding the Pentateuch. It falls, naturally, into three parts, one on the Pentateuch and Modern Criticism, an exposition which embraces nearly two-thirds of the whole; a second on the Traditional Thesis, which contains an exposition of the arguments in support of this and an examination of the critical arguments; a third on the "theological note" of the traditional thesis as assigned by the Biblical Commission, in other words, on the quality attaching to it as of faith, or theologically certain; and a fourth on the non-Mosaic elements which the Decree permits one to recognize in the Pentateuch. M. Mangénot is clear and moderate in his style and pronouncements, has a good grasp of his subject, and his book will be of use to educated Catholics who, without being students, wish to know something of the outlines of

the controversy. At the same time, whilst recognizing the impossibility of any thorough handling of the question in so small a volume, we think he might have been a little fuller in some of his expositions. Take, for instance, the article on "Historical Arguments," those regarding Unity of Sanctuary, Sacrifices, Feasts, Priests, and Levites. These are important points in the chain of argument, and points of the kind which readers such as those just indicated are able to appreciate; but they do not get nearly sufficient help from the author to meet the demands they are sure to make if they reflect carefully.

2.—PASTOR'S "HISTORY OF THE POPES."[1]

The long interval which has passed since the appearance of the last instalment of Dr. Pastor's great work on the history of the Papacy has only emphasized the welcome accorded to the now veteran historian on the resumption of his task after a delay of more than a dozen years. We are late in noticing the new volume, but our tardiness has at least the advantage of enabling us to bear witness to the general chorus of approval with which this conscientious study of the pontificate of Leo X. has been received. Thanks to the vogue of Roscoe's well-known biography, Leo X. is more familiar to English readers than any other of the Renaissance Popes. Hence it may be worth while to notice here that this brochure of over six hundred pages is limited to the reign of Leo (1513—1521), and consequently has a certain unity of its own. Taking the book as a whole we may say, without in the least intending any disparagement thereby, that Dr. Pastor's study of the pontificate has resulted in no startling novelty. The historian's wide acquaintance with the sources already published, and his pains-taking investigation of manuscript materials have on the whole tended to confirm that impression of Leo X. and his policy which already holds the field. With regard to the Pope's personal character, Pastor, with Roscoe and Gregorovius, maintains that no moral irregularity can be proved against him. "In this respect," he writes, "he enjoyed a stainless reputation as a Cardinal, and there is no evidence that he lived otherwise as Pope." Still, it cannot be disputed that an atmosphere of luxury and laxity prevailed throughout this period at the Papal

[1] *Geschichte der Päpste.* By Ludwig Pastor. Vol. iv. Erste Abtheilung. Freiburg: Herder. 1906.

court, and it is equally clear that a spirit of worldliness and intrigue predominated in all political negotiations. Of gross and systematic nepotism Pastor considers that Leo may be acquitted, but on the other hand it is impossible to pretend that family considerations did not influence, and greatly influence, his relations with other temporal sovereigns. Taken as a whole, the volume is depressing, though the fault is that of the subject and not Dr. Pastor's. There is hardly anything ennobling or elevating to be chronicled in the external action of Leo X. He was certainly a sincere believer, and even pious after his own peculiar fashion, while he was good-natured and easy-going in his relations with those around him, but we look for more than this in one who occupies such a station. As a patron of literature Dr. Pastor has not a very favourable judgment to pass on the Medicean Pope. His merits in this capacity seem certainly to have been exaggerated. On the other hand he shows to more advantage as a patron of the arts, and it may be said that the pages here devoted to Raphael and Michael Angelo are among the most interesting in the volume. But there are of course many different topics which have necessarily to be treated in some detail by the historian of Leo X., and we must not omit to pay a warm tribute of admiration to the two long chapters in which the author discusses the Indulgence controversy and the early developments of the Lutheran movement in Germany. We do not know any book to which we could more confidently recommend a student who wished to meet with a thoroughly straightforward statement of the beginnings of the Reformation.

3.—THE HISTORY OF ETHIOPIA.[1]

The interest which has been taken of late years in the political relations of Abyssinia, has by no means been devoid of results of permanent and scientific importance. Less than a century ago the available information about the history, liturgy, and linguistics of these regions, might almost be said to be summed up in the various folios of Ludolfus. But in the course of the last twenty years an enormous amount of fresh material has been printed, and thus rendered accessible to scholars in all parts of the world. Thanks very largely to the

[1] *Rerum Æthiopicarum Scriptores Occidentales Inediti a Saeculo XVI. ad XIX.* Curante C. Beccari, S.J. Vols. iii. and iv. Rome: C. de Luigi. 1906.

munificence of Lady Meux, England is quite respectably represented in the general output, and in point, at least, of sumptuousness of reproduction, nothing can rival the magnificent volumes of the *Miracles of our Lady*, and the *Life of Takla Hāymānōt*, with their barbaric illustrations, which Dr. Budge has edited from Ethiopic manuscripts now preserved in this country. But Italy, whose political and commercial interest in Abyssinia is even more pronounced than our own, has also taken a leading part in these recent developments. The volumes now before us, which are the third and fourth of a series already noticed in these pages, are mainly historical and geographical in character; but they contain a surprising amount of information concerning the social and religious condition of Abyssinia in the latter half of the sixteenth, and the first half of the seventeenth century. Vol. III. gives the conclusion of the *Historia de Ethiopia* of Father Pedro Paez, covering the years from 1555 to 1621. Although perhaps this portion of the narrative does not contain anything which can equal in general interest the description of the liturgical usages of the Abyssinians, which is to be found in the second book of Father Paez's *History*, still as the account of a contemporary, and often an eye-witness, we must recognize that it supplies materials of the very first historical importance. The learned editor, Father Beccari, has not been sparing of his own labour to facilitate the reader's task in every possible way. The copious Latin side-notes supply an admirable and detailed summary of the text, and students less familiar with Portuguese, are thus helped pleasantly along in their investigations with much saving of time and gain of clearness. There is also an excellent index, which in its judicious use of sub-headings is quite a model of its kind. Moreover, in addition to this, there is a table of contents in which the whole of the Latin side-notes, above referred to, are, to the reader's great convenience, printed continuously in a most accessible form.

The fourth volume of the series contains three Portuguese treatises of Father Emmanuel Barradas, S.J., compiled in 1633, to which the editor has given the general title of *Tractatus Tres Historico-Geographici.* From the point of view both of the geographer and the folk-lorist it would be hard to find anything written concerning these regions in modern times which is of equal interest. Even the liturgiologist will obtain much useful information, as in the case of Father Paez's

History, concerning popular festivals and fasts, while the detailed description of Aden which forms the subject of the third of the three *opuscula*, ought to be specially welcome to Englishmen, if only from the appreciation which it manifests of the strategical value of this important station on the road to India. As in the preceding volumes Father Beccari has discharged his functions of editor with admirable pains and care. We regret that the limits of space inexorably curtail that fuller appreciation which these volumes deserve, but we have said sufficient, we trust, to make it clear that scholars owe a great debt of gratitude for this series in the first place to Father Beccari, who has shown such perfect competence for his laborious task, and secondly to the Italian Government, without whose financial support the work could never have been undertaken.

4.—A TREASURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.[1]

No difficulty is more generally felt in Catholic and especially in convent schools than the selection of a suitable text-book for such a subject as English Literature. From this point of view we can very cordially recommend the ample collection of extracts which Miss Kate Warren has brought together in the volume before us. In idea the book was intended to serve as a companion to Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*, a manual which, though now thirty years old, still holds the field as one of the very best of its kind. It is much to say that the Treasury of extracts which Miss Warren has provided in illustration of the text is quite worthy of the original work. Good taste and common sense seem to us everywhere to have presided over the selection, and anxious Superiors need have no misgivings as to the suitability of these passages for the perusal of all classes of their students. Although the book was begun before Miss Warren joined the Catholic Church, and although there is not the slightest trace to be found in it of any form of religious bias, still the editor's Catholicism may be accepted at least as a negative guarantee that what might seem objectionable in tone has been excluded from her volume. The extracts from Anglo-Saxon literature which alone occupy more than one

[1] *A Treasury of English Literature* (From the Beginning to the Eighteenth Century) selected and arranged with Translations and Glossaries. By Kate M. Warren, Lecturer in English Language and Literature at Westfield College (University of London). London: Constable. 1906.

hundred pages are translated in full—the translation being printed at the foot of the page. In the case of early English writers down to the Reformation ample glossarial help is given. Considering the bulk of the work, more than 1,000 pages in all, the volume is remarkably cheap and would make an admirable prize-book. Mr. Stopford Brooke himself contributes an Introduction and his warm commendation of the judgment with which the selection has been made affords the best guarantee of its suitability for the purpose for which it was intended. We ought perhaps to mention that no dramatic extracts are included, for as Miss Warren very truly says, "it seems almost impossible from the very nature of that form of art to represent it at all justly in brief passages."

5.—THE SINS OF SOCIETY.[1]

Under the name of *The Sins of Society*, Father Bernard has published the course of sermons he delivered in Farm Street Church in the early summer. The press, as we all know, was lavish in its comments, some severely condemning them as uncalled for and unfounded in their descriptions and denunciations, others highly applauding them on exactly opposite grounds. A large assortment of these press-judgments the preacher has included in an Appendix to the present volume, where they are transcribed with a faithful impartiality. Still more instructive is the analysis he gives in the same Appendix of the testimonies in support or deprecation of his words sent him by private and unknown correspondents. Any commendations or criticisms of *The Sins of Society* coming from this periodical might seem inappropriate, but we may express an opinion that the account given by the preacher of the evil ways and habits, not indeed of "Society" as a whole (he several times protests that he is not to be understood in that sense), but of a certain notorious set which is fond of calling itself the Smart Set, and is growing rather than losing in numbers and influence—that that account is not unjust, and quite needed to be given and emphasized. It is vain to say that the evils in question are as rife among the middle class and among the poor. Let them be denounced, on suitable occasions, whenever they appear, but let the offenders of rank and wealth

[1] *The Sins of Society.* By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. London: Kegan Paul, Trübner, and Co.

remember that the responsibility laid on them is to lead the rest by setting good example, whereas the lead given by this "Smart Set" is just in the excess and the recklessness with which they offend. It is vain, too, to plead that denunciations of prevailing vices never do good. They may not do all the good one might desire, but in calling forcible attention to an evil, they do stir some consciences, and save their owners from the destruction into which they were hurrying. Still, one voice and one utterance are not enough, and this little volume will have achieved its most valuable success, if it should induce others to take up the tale of warning and exhortation, and keep it constantly before the minds, not so much of the obdurate offenders, but of those who are not yet wholly dead to the love of nobler ideals, and, most of all, of parents, to whose neglect of parental guardianship the calamity is so largely attributable.

6.—THE LAST OF THE ROYAL STUARTS.[1]

"On grounds of historical accuracy as well as of romantic predilection it is . . . just to regard Henry Stuart, as a stately and pious prince of the Church, as a lonely and pathetic, yet withal, picturesque and kingly figure." Such is Mr. Vaughan's conclusion to his scholarly, well-written, and aptly-illustrated volume. We follow with interest and sympathy the story of the Cardinal Duke of York, by descent King Henry IX. of England, from his birth in Rome through the brief period of promise in Paris, and then, after his many disappointments in the French and Papal Courts, to his long, uneventful, but honourable reign as Cardinal Bishop of Frascati. Though not precisely a learned work, the author shows himself capable of handling large questions as well as small ones, and is distinctly felicitous in telling us enough, yet not too much, of the fortunes of the rest of the family, of the Pretender, and the Duchess of Albany, of the policies of France and of Rome. The fairness, moderation, and good-feeling of Mr. Vaughan's tone and judgments, and his thorough acquaintance with his subject, will rarely fail to carry his readers along with him, to their no less benefit than pleasure.

J. H. P.

[1] *The Last of the Royal Stuarts.* By Herbert M. Vaughan, B.A., Oxon. London: Methuen, 1906. 309 pp.

Short Notices.

A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction. Edited by the Rev. John Hagan, Vice-Rector, Irish College, Rome. (Browne and Nolan. 1s.) In this first instalment of what should prove a most useful and practical manual, is presented the Catholic doctrine concerning the sacraments in general, and Baptism in particular. According to the editor's plan three sources of information are to be incorporated. 1. A course of catechetical instruction by the Very Rev. Angelo Raineri; 2. The Catechism of the Council of Trent (new translation); 3. A Translation of the Catechism of Pius X., *i.e.*, the compendium of Christian Doctrine prescribed by the present Pope for use in the various dioceses of the Province of Rome.

Historical Records and Studies (United States Catholic Historical Society), vol. iv., Parts I. and II. The United States Catholic Historical Society is engaged on a larger scale in the same kind of work as our own Record Society, for besides mere Records its publications include disquisitions and fragments of history, which occasionally concern Church matters but very remotely.

In the present volume, for example, along with "A Register of the Clergy laboring in the Archdiocese of New York from early missionary times to 1885,"—"The establishment of the Capuchin Order in the United States,"—and "The History of a Parochial School" (St. Gabriel's, New York), we have "The Siege of La Paz (Bolivia), by the revolted Indians in 1780," and "The Eskimo in Greenland." A considerable proportion of the papers are contributed by the President, Dr. Herbermann, one of these, "On the early History of Peruvian Bark (Quinine) in Europe," being replete with curious and interesting information. The connection of this with Catholicism is, of course, the old name of "Jesuit's Bark," by which the drug was formerly known.

Vol. xxxiii. of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy* contains Father Cortie's report of the Stonyhurst expedition for observation of the total solar eclipse of 1905, at Vinaroz, Spain, of which mention was made in our last issue. The Academy having lent valuable instruments to the Stonyhurst observers (a coelostat and long-focus lens), to it their Report was naturally addressed, being read before it on April 23, 1906. It includes four prints from photographs which illustrate the more important features of the solar *corona* as seen on the occasion.

An Indexed Synopsis of Newman's Grammar of Assent. By J. J. Toohey, S.J. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 3s. 6d.) Despite its title, this is *not* a synopsis, which, following the alphabetical arrangement of an index, it could not be. But as furnishing means for finding whatever is wanted in Newman's famous essay, it will be most valuable, and, if it appears to err by excess rather than defect of information, this is at least a fault on the right side.

As a Christmas book Messrs. Burns and Oates issue Southey's well-known ballad, *The Inchcape Rock*, familiar to many generations of reciters, with an historical note by Abbot Gasquet upon John Gedy, Abbot of Aberbrothok—or Arbroath, —who placed in position the historic bell upon whose fate the story turns, a note by Mr. Everard Meynell upon the Bell Rock Lighthouse, which has replaced it, and numerous illustrations by Mr Lindsay D. Symington. The price is one shilling net.

In the Hour of Death. By Martin Peaks (C.T.S. 2d.). Here we have a consideration for every day of the week, from Monday to Sunday, on some feature of the final act with which all our lives must close. The author has evidently studied the works of spiritual writers who deal with the subject. Whether he has had practical experience of death-beds we cannot feel so assured.

More Chinese Tales. By Alice Dease (C.T.S. 1d.). These stories, simple, interesting, and edifying, form a worthy addition to those by the issue of which the Catholic Truth Society has put so many readers old and young in its debt.

George Herbert and his Times, by A. G. Hyde (London, Methuen, 1906). A pleasantly-written biography of the deeply religious Anglican poet, whose thought was often cast in so singularly Catholic a mould. The materials for biography are rather scanty, but the author seems to have made the most of them. They are eked out by a good selection of illustrations.

The Register of Thomas of Brantyngham, Bishop of Exeter, (A.D. 1370—1394), Part II., by the Rev. F. C. Hingeston-Randolph (London, George Bell, 1906). The venerable editor still pursues untiringly his task of calendaring the Episcopal Registers of the See of Exeter. This, the eighth volume which has been published, shows no sign of failing powers. Like so many of its predecessors, it presents a most interesting picture of the internal administration of a diocese ruled by an energetic prelate, who, if much occupied with matters of State, was still constantly mindful of his duties as a Bishop.

The Political History of England, Vol. X., *History of England from the Accession of George III. to 1801,* by Rev. William Hunt (London, Longmans, 1905). This is a most readable account of the first two-thirds of the reign of George III. Dr. Hunt's name is guarantee for a thorough and discriminating use of the best materials. To judge from the references to papers at the Record Office, original research has not been neglected. Dr. Hunt writes with impartiality, and does full justice to Pitt's able statesmanship. The utility of the volume is greatly increased by the excellent maps.

La Théologie de St. Hippolyte, par Adhémar d' Alès (Paris, Beauchesne, 177 Rue de Rennes, 1906). The publishers of the excellent series appearing under the general title of *Bibliothèque de Théologie Historique* are distinctly to be congratulated on the inclusion of Father A. d' Alès' study of St. Hippolytus. St. Hippolytus is especially interesting at the present day on account of the comparatively recent recovery of so many fragments of his works. Father d' Alès unhesitatingly assigns to him the authorship of the *Philosophumena* and consequently believes him to have fallen into schism under Pope Callixtus. By his martyrdom, St. Hippolytus, as he supposes, recovered his place among the ranks of the elect. The author's views in this monograph seem to us to be everywhere temperate and well reasoned.

Formation de l'Orateur Sacré, Méthode, par François Bouchage (Paris, Emmanuel Vitte, 1906). A thoroughly practical and sensible little treatise on preparation for the pulpit. It comes to us with the best of recommendations, and seems fully to deserve the high opinion expressed of it.

Soeur Marie-Joseph Kumi, religieuse dominicaine (1763—1817), by A. L. Masson (Paris, Emmanuel Vitte, 1906). Soeur Marie-Joseph was a Swiss *extatica* who bore the stigmata and

led a very wonderful interior life. M. Masson, whose biography of the Blessed Curè d'Ars is so well known, has here exhibited the same qualities of sobriety and good taste as were shown in his previous work.

Talks with the Little Ones about the Apostles' Creed, by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus (New York, Benziger, 1906). These talks are excellently adapted for their purpose. The large type and the attractive illustrations are likely to make them very popular.

"*I am the Way.*" *A Treatise for the Followers of Christ*, Translated from the French of Father Nepveu, by the Hon. A. Wilmot, M.L.C. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster (London, Burns and Oates, 1906). Archbishop Bourne strongly commends Father Nepveu's little volume as a work which "logically, consecutively and simply unfolds the Teaching of the Gospel." The translation appears to us to run smoothly and naturally. The book is very cheap and the type, though rather small, is easy to read.

In *The Immortality of the Human Soul* (Sands and Co.), Father George Fell, S.J., expounds the philosophical arguments for that belief. This English translation is by Dom Lawrence Villing, O.S.B., but the original work was in German and the reasoning is addressed primarily to German readers. Judged from that point of view it is excellent, weaving as it does the concessions of modern German writers into the exposition of arguments which are as old as the hills. In England there are not wanting those who can appreciate abstract arguments and understand them, but the typical English reader will not look at an argument which is at all abstract in its character. To meet his requirements it is practically necessary to water down such arguments until, though they may succeed in convincing him, they lose their real conclusiveness in the process. It is unfortunate, as they are arguments which cannot be satisfactorily supplied for. Still, it is a fact, and may diminish the number of readers for this little volume. The translator is a German, and as such he does his work wonderfully well, but it is a pity he did not get a native Englishman to revise it.

Free Will and Determinism is a problem which is discussed and rediscussed in every generation, and yet without new arguments of any moment being discoverable on either side. Hume, in short, was right when he inferred from the long duration

of the controversy that it was due not so much to any radical disagreement as to the thing in question, but to some misunderstanding as to what the terms meant—though he was not equally successful in contributing to the removal of the misunderstanding. The elements in the controversy being thus unchangeable, Father Joseph Rickaby, in his *Free Will and Four English Philosophers* (Burns and Oates), was justified in basing his discussion of it on four classical English authors —Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Mill, who have the merit of saying all that there is to be said on the Determinist side, and saying it forcibly. It is a bright little book, and may be recommended to students.

Life after Life, by Eustace Mills (Methuen and Co.), is a defence of the theory of Re-incarnations. The author fully acknowledges that this theory can appeal to no evidence in its favour either of revelation or psychology, but only to its pragmatic value, if such it has, and he endeavours to show that it has. He is as successful as the subject admits of, which is not saying much ; and in this sense he may be profitably read. But a square-headed reader should compare this book with Father Hull's *Theosophy and Christianity* (C.T.S.), and then judge if Theosophy can claim to have really solved any of the problems of life.

By the Royal Road, by Marie Haultmont (Sands and Co.) A story of a girl who all through her life was the victim of the misdeeds of others, but whose character was chastened and perfected under the ordeal. An edifying book for young people, but it has an unnecessarily sad end, and falls into the defect, not unusual, with Catholic lady writers, of resorting to a religious vocation as a *Deus ex machina*.

Her Faith against the World, by Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert (Burns and Oates). A story which originally came out in the pages of THE MONTH.

Francis Apricot, by David Bearne, S.J. (Washbourne). Another of Father Bearne's acceptable stories for boys. Frankie is a strong-willed little fellow who can be very naughty sometimes, but has sterling qualities in his character which eventually gain the mastery. The clogs come in for their usual tribute of praise.

Magazines.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals:

STUDIEN UND MITTHEILUNGEN. (1906, II., III.)

The History of Glanfeuil in the Ninth Century. *Franz Adlhoch.* The Relics of St. Emmeram. *G. Weber.* Abbot Bernard II. of St. Gall. *J. Scheiwiler.* The projected Council under Innocent VII. and King Ruprecht of Pfalz. *Franz Bliemetzrieder.* The Winteney Version of the Rule of St. Benedict. *O. Stark.* The Westminster Customary. *O. Stark.* Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (December 1 and 17.)

Christian Apologetic and Modern Culture. Heroism in Charity. The Treasure of the Sancta Sanctorum. The Beginnings of Christmas. Agriculture and the Roman Campagna before Pius VII. The Oratory of San Lorenzo in the ancient Palace of the Lateran. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (November 28.)

St. Melania and her Alms-deeds. *S. Beissel.* The falling Birth-rate in France. *H. Krose.* Heathen Mysteries at the time of the coming of Christ. *J. Blötzer.* The Fever of Revolution in Southern America. *R. Schlitz.* Petrarca's *Canzionere* and *Trionfo. A. Baumgartner.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE PRATIQUE D'APOLOGÉTIQUE. (December 1 and 15.)

The Gospel of the Infancy. *A. Durand.* The Religious Sense in Alfred de Musset. *P. Ponsard.* Paganism and Catholic Worship. *Dom F. Cabrol.* Were the Fifteenth Century Popes responsible for the delay of Reform? *P. Nourry.* Why I believe in God. *J. Guibert.* The Criteria of Exstasy. *A. Hamon.* Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (1906, IX.)

The Prophecy of Daniel and the year of Christ's Death. *J. Hontheim.* Statutes of a Rosary Confraternity of 1481. *W. Schmitz.* Marginal Notes to the Biblical Question. *Dr. Selbst.* The Indissolubility of Marriage and the Sermon on the Mount. *C. Gspann.* Reviews, &c.

RAZON Y FE. (December.)

The Hierarchy and the Anticlerical Democracy—the Religious Orders. *L. Murillo.* The Proposed Associations Law. *P. V.* A great musical Artist—Monastèrio. *Saj.* Pereda the Novelist. *J. M. Aicardo.* One Catechism for Spain. *J M. Solà.* Le Sillon. *N. Noguer.* Reviews, &c.